

**MISSIONARY
HEROES
IN OCEANIA**



QUEEN KAPIOLANI DEFFING THE GODDESS OF THE VOLCANO

The natives of Hawaii held the goddess of the volcanic mountain of Pélé in the greatest dread. The Queen, when she became a Christian, saw that the superstition must be broken down. This she achieved by flaunting the authority of the goddess in the volcano itself, and in the presence of some of her terrified people.

Missionary Heroes in Oceania

TRUE STORIES OF THE INTREPID BRAVERY
AND STIRRING ADVENTURES OF MISSIONARIES
WITH UNCIVILIZED MAN, WILD BEASTS AND
THE FORCES OF NATURE

BY

JOHN C. LAMBERT, M.A., D.D.

AUTHOR OF

"THE OMNIPOTENT CROSS," "THREE FISHING BOATS"
&c. &c.

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PREFATORY NOTE

THE author desires with much gratitude to acknowledge his debt to the following ladies and gentlemen, who have most kindly assisted him in gathering the materials for this book by giving their consent to his use of their writings, by lending him books and photographs, or in other ways :

Miss Constance F. Gordon Cumming ; the Rev. James Paton ; the Picpus Fathers of the Damien Institute, Eccleshall.

He would also express his obligations to the following firms of publishers, who have most courteously allowed him to make use of the books mentioned in their proper places at the end of each chapter, and in some cases of illustrations of which they hold the copyright :—

The Religious Tract Society ; Messrs. Macmillan & Co. ; Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co.

INTRODUCTION

IN a "foreword" which he contributes to Dr. Jacob Chamberlain's attractive missionary book, *In the Tiger Jungle*, Dr. Francis E. Clark expresses the opinion that one need not patronize sensational and unhealthy fiction to find stirring adventure and thrilling narrative, and then goes on to say :—

"There is one source which furnishes stories of intense and dramatic interest, abounding in novel situations and spiced with abundant adventure ; and this source is at the same time the purest and most invigorating fountain at which our youth can drink. To change the figure, this is a mine hitherto largely unworked ; it contains rich nuggets of ore, which will well repay the prospector in this new field."

The field to which Dr. Clark refers is the history of modern Christian missions. His meaning is that the adventurous and stirring

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side of missionary experience needs to be brought out, and emphasis laid upon the fact that the romantic days of missions are by no means past.

There are stories which are now among the classics of missionary romance. Such are the expedition of Hans Egede to Greenland, the lonely journeys of David Brainerd among the Indian tribes of the North American forests, the voyage of John Williams from one coral island of the Pacific to another in the little ship which his own hands had built, the exploration of the Dark Continent by David Livingstone in the hope of emancipating the black man's soul.

But among missionary lives which are more recent or less known, there are many not less noble or less thrilling than those just referred to; and the chapters which follow are an attempt to make this plain.

There is, of course, a deeper side to Christian missions—a side that is essential and invariable—while the elements of adventure and romance are accidental and occasional. If in these pages the spiritual aspects of foreign mission

Introduction

work are but slightly touched upon, it is not because they are either forgotten or ignored, but simply because it was not part of the writer's present plan to deal with them. It is hoped, nevertheless, that some of those into whose hands this book may come will be induced by what they read to make fuller acquaintance with the lives and aims of our missionary heroes, and so will catch something of that spirit which led them to face innumerable dangers, toils, and trials among heathen and often savage peoples, whether in the frozen North or the burning South, whether in the hidden depths of some vast continent or among the scattered "islands of the ocean seas."

In the recently published *Memoirs of Archbishop Temple* we find the future Primate of the Church of England, when a youth of twenty, writing to tell his mother how his imagination had been stirred by the sight of Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand starting for the Pacific with a band of young men who had devoted themselves to the propagation of the Gospel among a benighted and barbarous people. "It is not mere momentary enthu-

Introduction

siasm with me," he writes; "my heart beats whenever I think of it. I think it one of the noblest things England has done for a long time; almost the only thing really worthy of herself."

It is the author's earnest desire that the narratives which follow may help to kindle in some minds an enthusiasm for missions like that which characterized Frederick Temple to the very end of his long and strenuous life; or, better still, that they may even suggest to some who are looking forward to the future with a high ambition, and wondering how to make the most of life, whether there is any career which offers so many opportunities of romantic experience and heroic achievement as that of a Christian missionary.

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PUBLISHERS NOTE

THE contents of this volume have been taken from Dr. Lambert's larger book, entitled "The Romance of Missionary Heroism," published at five shillings.

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MELANESIA

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CHAPTER I

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THE Duke of Wellington used to be credited with the striking remark, "The battle of Waterloo was won in the playing-fields of Eton." Like many other memorable sayings which have been attributed to great men, this one is now generally believed to be apocryphal. Nevertheless, in its own paradoxical and exaggerated way, it embodies a

In the Eton Playing-Fields

truth, the truth being that the boy is "the father of the man," and that the victories of after years find their explanation in the qualities of strength and courage and manly endurance which have been worked into the character when life was young. The hero of the following story happens to have been an Eton boy, and one who greatly distinguished himself among his companions in the Eton playing-fields. And no one who reads the story of his life can fail to see that the school-boy was the father of the missionary, that it was the same qualities of athletic vigour, of enthusiasm, of moral strength by which Coley Patteson was marked out at Eton College that gained him his place of renown in the history of missions as the apostle and martyr of Melanesia.

John Coleridge Patteson, Coley Patteson, as he was familiarly called, was the son of Mr. Justice Patteson, a distinguished lawyer in his time, and the grand-nephew of the poet Coleridge. As a boy he was especially distinguished for his physical prowess, which raised him ultimately to the coveted position

Coley Patteson

of captain of the Eton Eleven. Once, in the annual match with Harrow at Lord's, it was Patteson who won the game for his school by putting on fifty runs and completely breaking the neck of the Harrow bowling. On another occasion, in a game at Eton, he so persistently defied the bowling of Lillywhite, the famous professional, that the latter became quite irritated and said, "Mr. Patteson, I should like to bowl to you on Lord's ground, and it would be different." It was characteristic of young Patteson's modesty to reply at once, "Oh, of course; I know you would have me out directly there."

But this brilliant Eton cricketer had other qualities which do not always accompany athletic distinction. He was a quick and diligent scholar, especially strong in languages, a fact which stood him in good stead when he came to move about in a scattered archipelago, almost every island of which had its own separate dialect. Better still, he was a lad of fearless moral courage. While up to any amount of fun, ready to sing his song at a cricket or football supper as mirthfully as the

A Case of Moral Courage

most lighthearted of the party, he could not tolerate any kind of coarseness or indecency. At the annual dinner of the Eton Eleven the custom had grown up of allowing rather objectionable songs to be given. After Coley Patteson had passed into the Eleven he was present at a dinner when one of the boys began to sing a ditty of a decidedly questionable character. At once Coley called out, "If that does not stop, I shall leave the room"; and as the singer went on, he jumped up and went out. His next step was to intimate to the captain that unless an apology was made he would leave the Eleven. Knowing that he could not dispense with so brilliant a bat, the captain compelled the offender to apologize; and during the rest of Coley Patteson's time at Eton no more songs of that kind were sung at the annual dinner.

It was while Coley was at Eton, and when he was about fourteen years of age, that a vision of what was to be the great work of his life first dawned upon him. In the parish church of Windsor, one Sunday afternoon, he heard a missionary sermon from Bishop Selwyn

Bishop Selwyn

of New Zealand, a diocese which at that time included the Melanesian Islands, and he was deeply touched by the Bishop's appeal for help. Not long afterwards in his father's house he met Bishop Selwyn face to face. The Bishop, who was just about to leave England for the South Seas, turned to the boy's mother and said, half in playfulness, half in earnest, "Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?" From that day forward, deep down in the heart of the lad, there lived the thought of some day joining the heroic Bishop of New Zealand in his pioneer work among the islanders of the Pacific.

But something must now be said about Melanesia and Bishop Selwyn. When the see of New Zealand was first formed the Bishop was entrusted with the care of the innumerable islands dispersed in various groups over the South Pacific. The interest of the Church of England in the islanders, however, had been anticipated by the zeal of other Churches or missionary societies. The Wesleyans were at work in the Fiji Islands, the Presbyterians in the New Hebrides, the London Missionary

Bishop Selwyn and Coley Patteson

Society, ever since the time of John Williams, in Polynesia. There still remained, farther to the west, and forming a far-off fringe along the south-eastern coast of New Guinea and the north-eastern coast of Australia, the Melanesian or Black Island group, so called because the inhabitants are darker-skinned than the other Pacific races and appear to have a good deal of the negro in their composition.

Bishop Selwyn very wisely resolved that, to prevent overlapping of missionary effort and consequent confusion of the native mind, he would confine his attentions to these Melanesians, and he entered into his labours among them with all the ardour and heroism of the true pioneer. Like his future colleague Coleridge Patteson, he was a distinguished athlete. He had rowed in the first Inter-University Boat Race in 1829, and was further a splendid pedestrian and a magnificent swimmer. In his work in Melanesia all these powers came into full play. There was nothing of the conventional bishop about his outward appearance or manner of life. His usual way of landing on

Selwyn's Work in Melanesia

an island was to take a header from a boat which lay off at a safe distance, and swim ashore through the surf. When hard manual work had to be done, he was the first to set the example. If dangers had to be met, he did not hesitate to face them. If hardships had to be borne, he bore them cheerfully. Once, for instance, when an inhospitable chief refused him the shelter of a hut, he retired to a pig-stye and spent the night there in patience and content. How versatile he was may be judged from an instance like the following. On one occasion he had undertaken by request to convey to New Zealand in his missionary schooner a Melanesian chief's daughter and her attendant native girl. The pair were dressed according to the ideas of propriety which prevailed in the islands, but were hardly presentable in a British colony. The Bishop spent much of his time on the voyage in manufacturing to the best of his ability out of his own counterpane two petticoats for the dark maidens. And so attractive did he make the garments, with their trimmings of scarlet ribbon, that the

Wanted a Helper!

girls were as delighted to put them on as the Bishop was anxious that they should do so.

One of the great difficulties of the work in Melanesia sprang from the endless varieties of dialects which were employed. Bishop Selwyn conceived the plan of persuading native youths from the different islands to come with him to New Zealand to undergo there a course of instruction and training which would fit them for Christian work among their own people when they returned. But if this plan was to be carried out efficiently there was need of assistance, and such assistance as was required was by no means easy to find. The man wanted must be possessed of physical hardihood, ready and fit to "rough it," as the Bishop himself did while cruising among the islands. But he must also be a man of culture and character, to whom the difficult task of educating the native youths could be safely entrusted.

In search of such a helper as this Bishop Selwyn eventually paid a visit to England. Thirteen years had passed since he had stirred

The Helper Found

the missionary instinct in young Patteson's soul by saying to his mother in his hearing, "Will you give me Coley?" Neither the Bishop nor the boy had forgotten the incident. But Coley meanwhile had passed through Oxford and become curate of Alfington, in the parish of Ottery St. Mary. His mother was dead, his father now an old man in poor health. A strong sense of filial love and duty had hitherto kept him from the thought of leaving home so long as his father was alive. But Bishop Selwyn came to see Sir John Patteson and Coley, and set the claims of Melanesia before them in such a way that both father and son realized that they must not hesitate to make the needful sacrifice of affection. That sacrifice was soon made. When the Bishop sailed again for his far-off Pacific see, Coleridge Patteson stood beside him on the deck as his devoted follower and brother missionary.

As Patteson knew that his work would largely consist in sailing about among the islands, he applied himself busily throughout the long ocean voyage not only to the task

Patteson as Skipper

of mastering the native languages under the Bishop's tuition, but to a careful study under the captain of the art of navigation. He soon became an expert shipmaster, so that he was able by and by to navigate the *Southern Cross*, the little missionary schooner, on her various voyages through dangerous seas.

Arriving in New Zealand, he speedily had a taste of the kind of life that was in store for him. His immediate work lay in the College which had been established for the native youths, but he had to be ready, just as Bishop Selwyn himself was, to turn his hand to any kind of duty. In one of his letters he tells how, as the two were superintending the landing of their goods from a vessel by means of carts, the tide being very low, three of the horses got into water which was rather deep for them, and were in danger of being drowned. In a moment the two missionaries had their coats off and their trousers rolled up, and had plunged in to the rescue, splashing about in the muddy water in full view of the crowd on the beach. "This is your first

Patteson as College Tutor

lesson in mud-larking, Coley," remarked the Bishop, as they emerged at length wet and dirty, and laughing at each other's appearance.

But Patteson's special task was, as he put it himself, "to rove about the Melanesian department," and for several years he spent half of his time at sea. Fortunately he was a good sailor, and in every way worthy to be the skipper of the *Southern Cross*. He took thorough delight in his work, enjoying its romantic aspects, but still more feeling the privilege of carrying the Gospel of Christ to men and women who had never heard it before, and who needed it very sadly. On his early cruises he was accompanied by the Bishop, and their most frequent method of landing at any island to which they came was to plunge into the sea in light suits which they wore for the purpose, and make for the crowd of armed natives who were sure to be standing on the beach. Sometimes they were in danger, but firmness and kindness and tact carried them through, and in not a few cases they were able to persuade a chief to allow his son, or some

Horrors of Cannibalism

other promising youth, to return with them to New Zealand to join the other young men who were receiving at the College the elements of a Christian education.

So friendly was their reception for the most part that Patteson was inclined to scoff at the notion of describing these gentle-looking people as savages at all. "Savages are all Fridays," he wrote, "if you know how to treat them." But at times he was inclined to carry his confidence in them too far, and it was well for him in those early days that he had the Bishop at hand, who had learned by experience the need for perpetual caution. For there were plenty of real savages in Melanesia, and now and then there came sharp reminders of the fact. At one island, where they were received with every sign of friendliness and conducted to the chief's long hut, they saw hanging from the roof a row of human skulls, some of them black with soot, others so white that it was evident they had been quite lately added to the collection. In another place, while passing through some bush, they came upon the remains of human bodies, relics of a recent

Cricket Coaching

cannibal feast. Occasionally, too, as they swam away from what had seemed to be a friendly crowd, an arrow or two whizzed past their heads, showing that they had left some ill-disposed persons behind them. One island that they visited in safety they knew to have been the scene some time before of a deed of blood of which the crew of a British vessel were the victims. Their ship had struck upon the reef, and when they got ashore the natives killed the whole ship's company of them, nineteen in all. Ten of these the cannibals ate on the spot; the remaining nine they sent away as presents to their friends.

A voyage over, and the chief fruits of the cruise gathered together in the persons of a number of bright lads who had been persuaded to become scholars, Patteson would settle down for some months to play another rôle, that of a college tutor, but under circumstances very different from any that the name is apt to suggest. He had to teach his pupils everything, not only reading, writing, arithmetic, and the elements of Christian truth, but how to sweep their rooms and make their beds,

Bishop of Melanesia

how to print and weave and saw and build. Lessons in school over, his old proficiency at cricket became useful once more, and the former captain of the Eton Eleven might be seen patiently coaching his young barbarians, until they caught something of the English skill and enthusiasm in the great English game.

At length, after six years of strenuous apprenticeship to the work of a pioneer missionary in the Pacific, there came a great change in Coleridge Patteson's position. Bishop Selwyn had long been convinced of the necessity of forming Melanesia into a separate diocese, and had come to recognize not less clearly the pre-eminent fitness of Mr. Patteson to occupy the new see. The representations he made to the home authorities on this subject were successful, and in 1861 Coley Patteson became Bishop of Melanesia at the early age of thirty-three.

His elevation made little difference, however, either in the general character of his work or in his manner of doing it. He cruised about among the islands as before—dressed



BISHOP PATTESON LEAVING HIS BOAT AND HIS MEN
WITH A RUDLER

They were attacked by the natives of Santa Cruz, just after they had pushed off from the shore. Fortunately the arrows were not poisonous, but one of the natives died of his wounds.

Exciting Adventures

commonly in an old flannel shirt, and trousers somewhat the worse for wear—a handy costume for one who had constantly to do a good deal of swimming and wading. His voyages as Bishop, at the same time, were on a wider scale than any he had attempted formerly, for he felt his larger responsibilities, and tried to reach even those islands which had hitherto been regarded as inaccessible.

Several times he had very narrow escapes. Once in particular, when he had gone ashore at a place where the natives made a show of friendship, he discovered from their conversation and gestures as soon as they had him in their power that it was their deliberate intention to kill him. The reason, he found afterwards, was that one of their friends had been murdered by a white trader, and with a savage sense of justice they felt that they were entitled to this white man's life. The Bishop knew that humanly speaking he had no chance of mercy, but he begged permission to be allowed to pray, and kneeling down he committed his soul to God. The natives did not understand a single word that he uttered, but

A Shower of Arrows

the look they saw in his face as he knelt so impressed and overawed them that they said to one another, "He does not look like a murderer." And as soon as he was done, with many signs of courtesy they conducted him back to the beach again and bade him farewell.

On another occasion, in connexion with a later cruise, a sad incident took place at the island of Santa Cruz. The natives here showed no signs of opposition when he landed, but after he had returned to his boat and pushed off, a shower of arrows was discharged from the beach. The Bishop, who was at the stern, unshipped the rudder and held it up as a shield to try to ward off the deadly shafts. In spite of his efforts three of the party, all of them Christian young men, were transfixed. Fortunately the arrows were not poisoned, as Melanesian arrows often were, but Patteson had great difficulty in extracting them. In one case he found it quite impossible to draw out the arrow-head from a man's wrist, and was obliged to pull it from the other side right through his arm. This poor fellow took lock-

The Kidnappers

jaw, and died in a few days, after dreadful agonies of pain.

For ten strenuous years after his consecration as Bishop, Patteson sailed to and fro among the Melanesian Islands. Sometimes, through illness and weakness, brought on by the constant strain, he was in great suffering; but he never ceased to rejoice in his work. At last, however, a dark shadow fell across his path, a shadow which deepened to the awful tragedy of his death.

The traders of the Pacific had discovered that it was more remunerative to kidnap natives, clap them under hatches, and sail with them as virtual slaves to the plantations of Queensland or Fiji, than to busy themselves in collecting sandal-wood or copra for the legitimate market. Not a few of them had entered into this unscrupulous and vile traffic, which soon produced an unpleasant change all over the islands in the attitude of the natives to white men.

Worse still, some of these kidnappers used Patteson's name as a decoy. Coming to an island where he was known and trusted, they

Martyr of Melanesia

would tell the people that the Bishop was on board and wanted to see them. In some cases they even went the length of making an effigy of him, dressed in a black coat and holding a Bible in his hands; and this they placed in a position where it could be seen by those ashore. When the unsuspecting blacks came off in their canoes and climbed on board, they were quickly tumbled down into the hold among the other miserable wretches who were imprisoned there.

These were the malign influences which led to the murder of Bishop Patteson. He is the Martyr of Melanesia, but it was the kidnapping traders more than the ill-used natives who were responsible for his death.

It was on a day of September, 1871, that the *Southern Cross* stood off the coral reef of the island of Nukapu. Several canoes were seen cruising about, apparently in a state of some excitement. The Bishop entered the schooner's boat and pulled towards the reef, but the tide was too low for the boat to get across. At this juncture two natives approached, and proposed to take the Bishop into their light canoe and

The Bishop's Death

paddle him over the reef to the shore. He at once consented. The boat's crew saw him land safely on the beach, but after that lost sight of him.

For about half an hour the boat had been lying-to and waiting, when from several canoes, which had gradually been drawing near, a shower of arrows fell upon the crew. They pulled back immediately in great haste, and were soon out of range, but not till three persons had been struck with poisoned arrows, two of whom, the Rev. Joseph Atkins and a Christian native, subsequently died.

When the tide rose high enough to make it possible for the boat to cross the barrier reef, it was dispatched from the schooner, in the hope of getting some intelligence about the Bishop. As the men pulled across the lagoon towards the shore two canoes put off to meet them. One cast off the other and went back, the one which was left drifting towards them as they approached.

As it came near they noticed what looked like a bundle lying in the bottom, and when

The Bishop's Death

they drew alongside they saw that this was the dead Bishop, lying there with a calm smile on his upturned face. His body was wrapped in a native mat, and over his breast there lay a leaf of the cocoa-nut palm, with five knots tied in the long sprays. What those mysterious knots meant was partially explained when the mat was unwrapped and five deadly wounds, inflicted with club, spear, and arrows, were discovered on the body.

It was afterwards learned that five Nukapu natives had been stolen by the kidnappers. The islanders doubtless looked upon them as having been murdered, and so their nearest relatives, exercising the old tribal right of exacting "blood for blood," had stained their weapons one by one in the blood of the white Bishop, who was thus called upon to lay down his life for the sins of his own unworthy fellow-countrymen.

The people of Nukapu have long since repented of their crime. On the spot where the Bishop fell there now stands, by their own desire, a simple but impressive cross with this inscription upon it :—

A Simple Memorial

In Memory of
John Coleridge Patteson, D.D.,
Missionary Bishop,
Whose life was here taken by men for whom he
would gladly have given it.

The authoritative source for Bishop Selwyn's life is the biography by Rev. H. W. Tucker, and for Bishop Patteson's, *The Life of John Coleridge Patteson*, by Miss C. M. Yonge (Macmillan and Co.). Mention should also be made of *Bishop Patteson*, by J. Page (S. W. Partridge and Co.), which is an excellent popular narrative.

ONE OF THE UNRETURNING
BRAVE

CHAPTER II

ONE OF THE UNRETURNING BRAVE

An unexplored island—"Tamate"—Sea-dwellings and tree-dwellings
—A ghastly parcel—Toeless feet—A perilous retreat—Dangers of
the surf—Chalmers as a great explorer—As a teacher of the A B C
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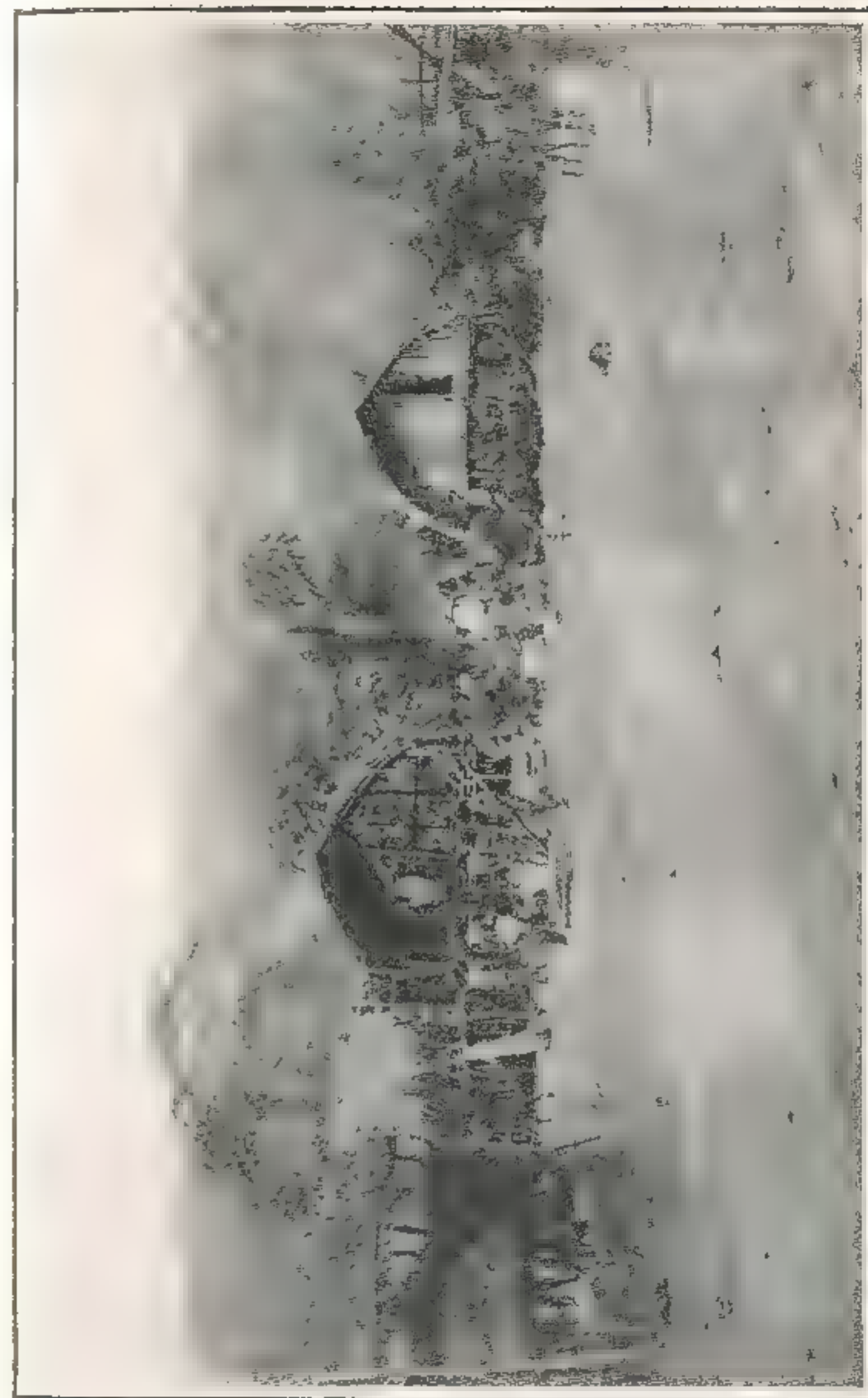
THERE are persons of a romantic turn who sometimes lament the rapidity and thoroughness with which the work of civilization is being carried on. Steamships, they remind us, now ply up and down the waters of the great lakes of Central Africa, and right through the heart of the Dark Continent a railway is being steadily pushed on. There are places to which a generation ago it would have taken much more than a year to send a message from London or Edinburgh, whereas now to those same places a message can be sent and an answer received in less than twelve hours.

An Unexplored Island

The North Pole, we have seen it affirmed, is now almost the only place left to be discovered on the face of the globe, so that whenever Dr. Nansen or Lieutenant Peary, or some other Arctic hero, has succeeded in realizing his ambition, whether by dog-sledge or airship or submarine, it will be necessary for would-be explorers to sit down, like Alexander the Great, and weep because there are no more worlds to conquer.

But the earth is by no means so tame and familiar a planet as these persons imagine. It is only want of knowledge that will make us speak as if hardly any part of the globe still remains unknown. In Asia and Africa, in South America and Australia, there are still large tracts of territory which the foot of civilized man has never yet trod. And there is an island in the southern seas which, if judged by its size, would have to be described as the most important island in the world, and yet, of all the world's larger islands, it is precisely the one regarding which our knowledge is most incomplete.

Papua, or New Guinea, the island to which



A NATIVE VILLAGE IN NEW GUINEA. THE HOUSES ARE ALL BUILT ON PIERS DRIVEN INTO THE GROUND

Papua, or New Guinea

we refer, lies to the north-east of the Australian continent, separated from it by the Torres Straits, only eighty miles across. In shape it resembles one of the huge Saurian reptiles of a prehistoric era; and, if we may carry out this comparison in describing its size, it may be added that from head to tail it measures 1490 miles in length, while it is 430 miles in breadth across the thickest part of its body. Covering as it does an area of considerably more than 300,000 square miles, it is quite six times the size of England. Its chief river, the Fly, is tidal at a distance of 130 miles from the sea, and has been navigated by steamer for over 600 miles of its course. The island can boast of a mighty range of mountains quite worthy to be compared to the Alps, the loftiest peak, indeed, rising nearer to the sky than the white dome of Mont Blanc.

Of the people of this great island, however, hardly anything was known thirty years ago, except that they were warlike cannibals, whose only regular trade was to barter sago for earthenware pots in which to cook man. To Port Moresby, on the south-east of this myste-

“Tamate”

rious and dreaded land, there came in 1876 James Chalmers, or “Tamate,” an agent of the London Missionary Society. Combining, as he did in a very unusual degree, the qualities of missionary and explorer, he soon greatly increased our knowledge of the geography of New Guinea and of the superstitions, habits, and social customs of its various and widely differing tribes.

Chalmers was no inexperienced tyro of the South Seas when he first arrived at Port Moresby to enter upon that career of constant adventure by land and sea, on the rivers and in the forests, with Papuan savages or with the Papuan surf, in which the next twenty-five years of his life were to be spent. He had already been shipwrecked on a coral-reef in the *John Williams*, the London Missionary Society's vessel, named after that splendid hero of Polynesia whose true successor Chalmers himself became. He had gone out with his young wife on a voyage of 2000 miles in the brig of “Bully Hayes,” the notorious pirate of the Pacific, and had so fascinated that ferocious nineteenth-century buccaneer that he behaved

Sea-dwellings

to his unwonted passengers like a perfect gentleman. He had spent ten years on Rarotonga, among the former cannibals of that beautiful coral island. It was from the Rarotongans that he got the name “Tamate,” which stuck to him for the rest of his life, though it was nothing else than the result of an ineffectual native attempt to pronounce the Scottish name of “Chalmers.” In Rarotonga Tamate had gained much valuable experience; but the restless spirit of the pioneer was in his blood, and it was a joyful day for him when word came from London that he was to proceed to New Guinea to enter upon what he felt from the first to be the true work of his life.

The people of New Guinea are sprung from various original stocks, and are broken up besides into numerous isolated tribes which differ greatly from one another in colour, feature, and language. But Chalmers found that, in addition to this, every village formed a community by itself, living at enmity with its neighbours and in constant suspicion of them. The best proof of this was afforded by the construction of the houses, built as they invariably

Tree-dwellings

were with a view to protection against sudden attack. Along the coast marine villages were common, Port Moresby itself being an example. The houses in this case were counterparts of the lake-dwellings of primitive man in European countries, being erected on tall piles driven into the sea-bottom at such a distance from the shore that a small steamer was able to thread its way between the houses, and even to anchor safely in the main street. Inland villages, similarly, were built on poles which projected not less than ten feet above the ground, access to the platform on which a house stood being obtained by means of a ladder. Among the hill-tribes, again, tree-dwellings were most common, these being particularly inaccessible and thus most easy to defend. On his first arrival at Port Moresby, Chalmers took a long walk inland till he was about 1100 feet above sea-level, and found houses built not only on the summit of a mountain ridge, but on the tops of the very highest trees that were growing there.

Tamate at once set himself to acquire some knowledge of his vast diocese and to win the confidence of the natives. He had all the



"I ENTERED THE ERIE PACE"

The highest peak of a New Guinea temple. Chalmers entered it with the chief who had accompanied him so far, was and he tried to go further but the chief's strange figures with enormous frog-like heads out of which sprang a rapid succession

Cruise Along the South Coast

qualities for the work that lay before him. He could navigate a whale-boat through the heavy surf which crashes along the level coasts, as if bred to the job. And at tramping through the forests or climbing the mountains no one could beat him; though he confesses to sometimes having sore feet, and expresses the wicked wish that shoemakers could be compelled to wear the boots they send out to missionaries. As for the natives, he won them by a kind of personal fascination he had which was felt by every one who met him—man-eating savage or missionary-loving old lady, a piratical outlaw like "Bully Hayes," or a literary dreamer and critic like Robert Louis Stevenson. Unarmed but fearless, Tamate never hesitated to walk right into the midst of a crowd of armed and threatening cannibals. For the most part he won their friendship at the first meeting without difficulty, though every now and then he came across some troublesome customers and had a narrow escape with his life.

One of Chalmers' earliest expeditions was a cruise along the south coast from east to west, in the course of which he visited 150 villages,

A Ghastly Parcel

90 of which had never seen a white man before. Being new to the country, he met with much to surprise or amuse him. The Papuans are passionately fond of pigs, especially when roasted; but it astonished their visitor to find that they preserved the skulls of dead pigs in their houses along with those of their departed relatives, and still more to see a woman nursing her baby at one breast and a young pig at the other. One day when he had taken his seat in the middle of a native house right in front of the fire, and was busy tracing his course on a chart, he began to wonder how it was that strange dark drops kept falling all around him and sometimes on the chart itself. When he looked up the reason became apparent. A recently deceased grandmother had been made up into a bulky parcel and hung from the roof right above the fire, with a view to being thoroughly smoked and dried. Tamate's shout of disgust brought in the owner of the house, who hastily took down his late grandmother and walked off with her on his shoulder, to deposit her elsewhere until the departure of this too fastidious traveller.



A CULINARY MOMENT.

On the roof of the house, a large parcel was hanging from the rafters. The man who had just entered the house, looking up at the parcel, saw that it was a large, bulky parcel, and he was much surprised to find it hanging from the rafters. He immediately went to the parcel and took it down. He then walked off with the parcel on his shoulder, to deposit it elsewhere until the departure of this too fastidious traveller.

Toeless Feet

But if Chalmers was sometimes astonished at first by the Papuans and their ways, the astonishment was by no means altogether upon his side. His white skin was a source of perpetual wonder, especially if he had occasion to roll up his sleeves or change his shirt, and so exposed parts of his body that were not so bronzed as his cheeks by the sea air and the burning sun. Great, too, was the perplexity caused by his combination of a white face with black and toeless feet—perplexity which suddenly turned into horror if he lifted his legs and pulled off his boots.

These, however, were among the lighter phases of his experience as a pioneer. Until he became known, along many a league of coast and in the deep recesses of the forest, as the best friend of the Papuan people, Tamate had constantly to face death in the grimmest forms, and with a vision of the cannibal cooking-pot lying ever in the background. Here is a hairbreadth escape which looks thrilling enough as we read it in his *Adventures in New Guinea*, though it does not seem half so dramatic on the printed page as

A Hostile Crowd

it did when the present writer heard Tamate relate it himself—"a big, stout, wildish-looking man," as R. L. Stevenson described him, "with big bold black eyes," which glowed and flashed as he told his story and suited the action to the word.

On one of his coasting voyages in the *Ellengowan*, a little steamer that belonged to the Mission, he came to a bay in which he had never been before. He put off for the shore as soon as possible, but the moment his boat touched the beach he was surrounded by a threatening crowd of natives, every one of them armed with club or spear. The savages absolutely forbade him to land, but he sprang ashore notwithstanding, followed by the mate of the *Ellengowan*, a fine, daring fellow with something of Tamate's own power of feeling least fear where most danger seemed to be. Up the long sea-beach the two men walked, accompanied by the hostile crowd, till they came to what was evidently the house of the village chief. The old man sat in solemn dignity on the raised platform in front of his house, and did not condescend to take the

A Perilous Retreat

least notice of his visitors. Climbing up to the platform, Tamate laid down some presents he had brought, but the surly magnate flung them back in his face. It now became apparent that a row was brewing, for the crowd took its cue from the chief, and was beginning to jostle rudely and to indulge in bursts of brutal laughter. Turning to the mate, who stood a little way behind, Tamate asked him in English how things looked. "Bad, sir," he replied; "the bush is full of natives, and there are arms everywhere. They have stolen all my beads and hoop-iron. It looks like mischief." Even Chalmers now felt that it was time to retire. "Gould," said he to the mate, "I think we had better get away from here; keep eyes all round, and let us make quietly for the beach." Chalmers used to describe the next quarter of an hour as one of the most uncomfortable in his life. The crowd followed, growling savagely, and one man with a large stone-headed club kept walking just behind the missionary and most unpleasantly near. "Had I that club in my hand," thought Tamate, "I should feel a little more comfort-

Dangers of the Surf

able." A few steps more, and he said to himself: "I *must* have that club, or that club will have me." Wheeling suddenly round, he drew out of his satchel a large piece of hoop-iron, a perfect treasure to a native, and presented it to the savage. The man's eyes glistened as if he had seen a bar of gold, and he stretched out his hand to grasp the prize. In a moment Tamate seized the man's club, wrenched it out of his hand, and brandishing it in the air as if he meant to use it, headed the procession and marched safely down to the boat. Long afterwards, when these natives became his friends, they told him that he "looked bad" at the moment when he took possession of the club; and Chalmers confesses that that was just how he felt.

As we have indicated already, the traveller in New Guinea soon finds that the dangers of the Pacific surf are hardly less than those of the shore or the forest. From the time when as a boy he had learned to swim and row and steer through the often stormy waters of the Highland loch beside which he was born, Tamate had been passionately fond of the



NEW GUINEA LAKATOIS (SAILING RAFTS MADE OF CANOES LASHED TOGETHER) PREPARING TO SAIL

An Exciting Experience

sea; and it was his constant habit to make trips of exploration along the New Guinea coast in a whale-boat, acting as his own skipper. On the southern coast at certain seasons of the year huge rollers sweep in continually from the Papuan Gulf and burst upon the beach with a noise like thunder. A strong nerve and a cool judgment, as well as a stout arm at the steering-oar, are required if a landing is to be effected in safety; and even to the finest swimmer, to be overturned in the midst of the surf may mean a death either from drowning, or by the teeth of swarming crocodiles, or by being pounded to jelly on the rocks. In the "riding of the surges" Tamate was a master, but though he performed the feat successfully hundreds of times, he once or twice came to grief and had the narrowest escape with his life.

In one of his letters he tells of an exciting experience he had in company with a Mr. Romilly, a Government agent, whom he had taken with him in his whaleboat:—

"We were very deeply laden. On nearing the bar it did not seem to me as *very* dangerous,

A Thanksgiving Service

so we stood on. The first bar sea sped us on, the second one caught us, we shipped water, the steer oar got jammed, the boat swung and went over. It was deep and the seas heavy, and for a short time it seemed some of us must go. It is a terrible place for crocodiles, but I suppose so many of us frightened them. The smashing in the surf was enough to kill. The boat's crew of native students did nobly. We got ashore. I feared at one time Romilly was drowning. I felt somewhat exhausted myself. I fancy Romilly must have been struck with an oar. The boys got the boat in after a good hour's hard work. I got three times on to the boat's keel, and each time was swept away. At last got an oar, and assisted by a native I got to a sandbank—resting a little, then ashore. A fire was lighted, around which we all gathered, when one of the students engaged in prayer, and with full hearts we all joined him in thanksgiving. During the night things were washed ashore, and amongst them my swag."

They spent all that night on the beach, gathered round a fire. Sunday followed. It is not strange to find Chalmers remarking,

Services to British Officials

"We all felt sore and unfit for much exertion." But it is characteristic that he adds that he had two services that day.

The reference which Chalmers makes in the foregoing passage to his having the company of a Government agent on this unlucky trip makes it suitable to mention at this point that in 1884 the British flag was formally hoisted at Port Moresby, and the whole of South-eastern New Guinea declared to be a British Protectorate; while in 1886 this step was followed by the proclamation of Queen Victoria's sovereignty. Of these actions of his Government Chalmers fully approved, and his services to the British officials then and afterwards were of the most valuable kind. No one else knew the country as he did, no one was so familiar with the habits of the people, their languages, and their modes of thought. His work for the Empire has received the most appreciative notice from various quarters. In a letter to the *Times*, written just after the news of Chalmers' death had reached this country, Admiral Bridge says, speaking of the assistance rendered him by Chalmers in

Chalmers as an Explorer

1884-5: "His vigilance, cheeriness, readiness of resource, and extraordinary influence over native savages, made his help quite invaluable. I can honestly say that I do not know how I should have got on without him. He had an equal power of winning the confidence of savages quite unused to strangers, and the respect, and even love, of white seamen. . . . It is difficult to do justice in writing to the character of this really great Englishman. One had only to know and live with him in out-of-the-way lands to be convinced that he was endowed with the splendid characteristics which distinguished our most eminent explorers and pioneers."

Admiral Bridge was right in describing Chalmers as essentially an explorer and pioneer. In many respects he was a man cast in Livingstone's mould, and was never more happy than when pushing his way into regions where the foot of a white man had never trod before. Not only did he explore by whale-boat or steam launch all the coasts and bays of Southern Papua, but he was the first white man to walk right across New Guinea to its eastern end,

Teacher of the A B C

and he penetrated farther up the difficult Fly River than the most adventurous travellers had ever been before.

And yet he never forgot that his work was primarily that of a Christian teacher, and he never shrank from the little monotonies that were involved. Even when his position became virtually that of a missionary bishop, with duties of superintendence not only over the great Fly River delta, but over the scattered islands of the Torres Straits, he cheerfully undertook day by day the duties of an elementary schoolmaster. He taught the A B C to young and old—though it should be added that he had the shrewdness to take advantage of the Papuan love of song and music by teaching the people to sing it to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." One who visited him when he had made his home in the midst of the mangrove swamps of the Fly River found him at daybreak in a rudely constructed school-house which he had built on the sand just above high-water mark. He had a class which was learning English, and with a small bamboo stick for a baton was leading his scholars as

R. L. Stevenson and Tamate

they sang, first "God save the Queen," and then "All hail the power of Jesu's name." "I don't think," this friend writes, "that Chalmers ever appeared quite so great a man as when I saw him thus teaching that group of Fly River children."

Thus for five-and-twenty years Tamate of the big warm heart went out and in among the tribes of New Guinea, until his Polynesian name had become a household word alike in the sea-dwellings of the shore, the tree-houses of the hills, and the great *dubus* or barracks in which in the larger communities the people herd together by the hundred. But the day came when Tamate was to go out no more. Writing from Vailima to his mother in November, 1890, Robert Louis Stevenson said of the friend whom he loved and admired so greatly: "I have a *cultus* for Tamate; he is a man nobody can see and not love. . . . He has plenty of faults like the rest of us; but he's as big as a church." And he expresses the hope that he "shall meet Tamate once more before he disappears up the Fly River, perhaps to be one of 'the unreturning brave.'"

The Last Expedition

The words were almost prophetic. Possibly they gave voice to a dim presentiment of which Chalmers himself was sometimes conscious, and of which he may have spoken to his friend.

It was only a few months after, in the beginning of April, 1901, that Tamate set out to visit the district around Cape Blackwood, on the eastern side of the Fly River delta, which was inhabited by a ferocious tribe of savages. He knew that these people were both skull-hunters and cannibals, and for that very reason he had long been eager to get a footing among them. He was accompanied on this occasion by the Rev. Oliver Tomkins, a young and promising colleague lately arrived from England. At a place called Risk Point a swarm of natives, armed with bows and arrows, clubs, knives, and spears, came off in their canoes and took forcible possession of the *Niue*, the little Mission vessel. With the view of inducing them to leave, Tamate decided to go ashore. He did everything he could to persuade Mr. Tomkins to remain on board, probably be-

A General Massacre

cause he anticipated trouble. Mr. Tomkins, however, refused to allow his leader to go alone; and so the two went off together. Those on board never saw them again, either in life or in death.

The captain of the *Nine* waited for two days, sailing about the coast and keeping a sharp look-out, but no trace could be seen either of the Mission party or their boat. Seeing now that a tragedy must have taken place, he sailed with all speed to Daru and reported the matter to the British Governor. At once the Governor started in person, accompanied by a sufficient force, in order to find out exactly what had taken place and to inflict punishment if necessary. From a native who was captured he secured the following tale, which was afterwards corroborated in all particulars.

When the two white men got ashore they entered the long *dubu* of the village, their native boys being induced to enter also by the promise of something to eat. No sooner was the whole party within than the signal was given for a general massacre. The first

Murder of Tamate

to be killed were the two missionaries, who were knocked simultaneously on the head from behind with stone clubs. Both fell senseless at the first blow, and their heads were immediately cut off. Their followers were then similarly killed and beheaded, though one of them, a powerful man, managed to snatch a club from one of his assailants and kill another at a blow before being himself felled. The heads were distributed as trophies among the murderers. The bodies were cut up and handed over to the women to cook. They were cooked at once, the flesh being mixed with sago, and were eaten the same day.

It was a painful and tragic end to the life of one who, by the testimony of Sir William Macgregor, Governor of New Guinea for seven years, has justly been called "The Apostle of the Papuan Gulf." And yet how much truth there is in the Governor's words in his official report of the massacre and of the steps he felt obliged to take for the punishment of the perpetrators: "I am not alone in the opinion that Mr. Chalmers has won the death he would

Authorities for Narrative

have wished for of all others—in New Guinea and for New Guinea.”

The authorities for the life of Chalmers are *Adventures in New Guinea* and *Pioneering in New Guinea*, both by Mr. Chalmers himself; *James Chalmers* and *Tamate*, both by Richard Lovett, M.A. All published by the Religious Tract Society.

FATHER DAMIEN OF MOLOKAI

CHAPTER III

FATHER DAMIEN OF MOLOKAI

The Hawaiian Islands—Captain Cook and Father Damien—A brave rescue—Molokai and its lepers—Under the pandanus tree—Doctor, undertaker, and grave-digger—What was Father Damien like?—Himself a leper—In life and in death—A statue and a monument.

OF the many archipelagoes scattered over the broad Pacific Ocean none is more intimately associated with names which have gained a lasting and world-wide fame than the Sandwich or, to give them their native name, the Hawaiian Islands. It was on one of this group that Captain Cook, the illustrious navigator, was murdered on February 14th, 1779. It was on another that Father Damien, the humble Belgian priest, "made his great renunciation," as Robert Louis Stevenson called it, "shutting to with his own hand the doors of his sepulchre" that he might minister to the forsaken lepers of

Father Damien

Molokai. No episode of modern missions has thrilled the civilized world more deeply than Father Damien's self-sacrifice. From the Pacific to the Atlantic, by Protestants no less than by Catholics, he has been admirably crowned as one of the very foremost in the long bead-roll of the martyr-heroes of the Christian faith.

He was born in 1840 of peasant parents at a little village on the River Laak, not far from the ancient city of Louvain, in Belgium. His real name was Joseph de Veuster, Damien being a new name which he adopted, according to the custom of the religious orders, when he was admitted to the congregation of the Picpus Fathers. In 1864 he joined on the shortest notice, as a substitute for his elder brother who had suddenly fallen ill, a band of missionaries for the Hawaiian Islands, and his life's labours were begun in the very island on which Captain Cook met his tragic end so long before. Here for nine years he toiled unsparingly, endearing himself to the natives, and earning from his bishop the title of "the intrepid," because nothing ever seemed to daunt him. He had

A Brave Rescue

many adventures both on sea and among the volcanic mountains, for like Bishop Hannington, whom he frequently recalls, he was a bold cliff-climber and a strong swimmer. In visiting the people in the remoter parts of the island he thought nothing of scaling precipitous rocks on hands and knees, till his boots were torn to shreds and the blood flowed freely from feet as well as hands. Once when his canoe capsized he had to save his life by a long swim in his clothes. On another occasion, as he was riding along a lonely coast, he observed a ship's boat with several persons in it drifting helplessly towards the rocks. Jumping from his horse, he plunged into the sea, and succeeded in reaching the boat and bringing to land eight shipwrecked sailors—three Americans, four Englishman, and a Dutchman. Their vessel had taken fire in mid-ocean; for more than a week they had drifted about in the Pacific till their strength was utterly exhausted; and death was already staring them in the eyes when the brave young priest came with deliverance.

But we must pass from deeds of courage

Kalawao

and daring in which Damien has been equalled by many others, to speak of that great deed of sacrifice in which he stands alone. The lovely Hawaiian Islands have long suffered from a terrible scourge, the scourge of leprosy. Some years after Father Damien's arrival the Government determined on the use of drastic measures to stamp out the evil. There is in the archipelago an island called Molokai, which along its northern side presents to the sea an awful front of precipice. At one spot, however, in this frowning battlement of rock, and bearing to it, in R. L. Stevenson's vivid comparison, "the same relation as a bracket to a wall," there projects into the ocean a rugged triangular piece of land known as Kalawao, which is thus "cut off between the surf and the precipice." To this desolate tongue of wind-swept down it was resolved to deport every person, young or old, rich or poor, prince or commoner, in whom the slightest taint of leprosy should be found. The law was carried into effect with the utmost rigour. All over the islands lepers and those suspected of having leprosy were hunted out by the police, dragged away from

Molokai and its Lepers

their homes, and if certified by a doctor as touched by the disease, at once shipped off to the leper settlement as if to a State prison. Children were torn from their parents and parents from their children. Husbands and wives were separated for ever. In no case was any respect of persons shown, and a near relative of the Hawaiian Queen was among the first to be seized and transported.

Awful indeed was the lot of these poor creatures, thus gathered together from all parts of the islands and shot out like rubbish on that dismal wedge of land between cliff and sea. Parted for ever from their friends, outcasts of society, with no man to care for their bodies or their souls, with nothing to hope for but a horrible unpitied death, they gave themselves up to a life like that of the beasts of the field. And even to this day things might have been no better on the peninsula of Kalawao, had it not been for the coming of Father Damien.

For some time Damien had felt the dreadful lot of those unfortunates pressing heavily upon his heart, all the more as several of his own flock had been carried away to the settlement.

Damien's Proposal

In a letter written about this time he says that when he saw his own beloved people dragged away, he felt a presentiment that he should see them again. Such a presentiment could only point to one thing. From Molokai no leper was ever permitted to return. Above the beach of Kalawao, as above the arched portal of Dante's Inferno, the awful words might have stood, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." If Father Damien was to see his poor smitten children again, it must be by going to them, for nevermore should they return to him.

One day there was a gathering of the Roman Catholic clergy at the dedication of a church on the island of Maui, which lies not far from Molokai. After the ceremony was over, the bishop was holding a familiar conversation with his missionaries, and in the course of it he spoke of the distress he felt for the poor lepers of Molokai—stricken sheep without a shepherd. At once Damien spoke out. "My lord," he said, "on the day when I was admitted to the order of the Picpus Fathers I was placed under the pall, that I might learn

Self-sacrifice


that voluntary death is the beginning of a new life. And I wish to declare now that I am ready to bury myself alive among the lepers of Molokai, some of whom are well known to me."

It shows the stuff of which those Roman Catholic missionaries were made that the bishop accepted Damien's proposal as simply and readily as it was uttered. "I could not have imposed this task upon any one," he said; "but I gladly accept the offer you have made." At once Damien was ready to start, for, like General Gordon when he made a start for Khartoum, he required no time for preparations. A few days afterwards, on May 11th, 1873, he was landed on the beach of Kalawao along with a batch of fifty miserable lepers, whom the authorities had just collected from various parts of Hawaii.

The sights that met the eye of the devoted missionary must have been revolting beyond expression, though Damien himself says little about them, for it was not his habit to dwell on these details. Stevenson visited Molokai after Damien was dead, and after the place had

A State Visit

been "purged, bettered, beautified" by his influence and example; but he describes the experience as "grinding" and "harrowing." The Princess-Regent of Hawaii once paid a State visit to the settlement while Damien was there, and after his presence had wrought a marvellous transformation. The lepers were dressed in their best. Triumphal arches adorned the beach. Flowers were strewn in profusion along the path that led to the place of reception. But when the royal lady looked around her on that awful crowd, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and though it had been arranged that she should speak to the people, her lips trembled so helplessly that she was unable to utter a single word. Damien came to Kalawao when the settlement was at its worst. He saw it too, not as a passing visitor, but as one who knew that henceforth this was to be his only home on earth. He confesses that for a moment, as he stepped ashore, his heart sank within him. But he said to himself, "Now, Joseph, my boy, this is your life-work!" And never during the sixteen years that followed did he go back upon his resolve.



Under the Pandanus Tree

For several weeks, until he found time to build himself a hut, he had no shelter but a large pandanus tree. This pandanus tree he called his house, and under its branches he lay down on the ground to sleep at night. Meanwhile, from the very first, he spent his days in trying to teach and help and comfort his leper flock. In a letter to his brother, Father Pamphile, in substitution for whom, as mentioned already, he had become a Hawaiian missionary, he admits that he almost grew sick in the presence of so much physical corruption. On Sundays especially, when the people crowded closely round him in the little building which served as a chapel, he often felt as if he must rush out of the loathsome atmosphere into the open air. But he deliberately crushed these sensations down. He sought to make himself as one of the lepers, and carried this so far that in his preaching he did not use the conventional "My brethren," but employed the expression "We lepers" instead. And by and by the spirit of sympathy grew so strong that even in the presence of what was most dis-

Doctor, Undertaker, Etc.

gusting all feeling of repugnance passed entirely away.

It was not only the souls of the lepers for which Father Damien cared. At that time there was no doctor in the settlement, so he set himself to soothe their bodily sufferings as best he could, cleansing their open wounds and binding up their stumps and sores. Death was constantly busy—indeed, some one died almost every day; and whether at noon or at midnight, the good father was there to perform the last offices of his Church. And as he sought to comfort the lepers in dying, his care for them continued after they were dead. Before his arrival no one had thought of burying a dead leper with any sort of decency. No coffin was provided; the corpse at best was shovelled hastily into a shallow hole. But Father Damien's reverence for a human being forbade him to acquiesce in such arrangements. As there was no one else to make coffins he made them himself, and it is estimated that during his years on Molokai he made not less than 1500 with his own hands. More than this. When no other could be got to dig a proper

Builder of Orphanages

grave, Damien did not hesitate to seize his spade and act the part of the grave-digger. To most people such toils as pastor and preacher, doctor and undertaker, would seem more than enough even for the strongest of men. But they were far from summing up the labours of Damien. He induced the people to build themselves houses, and as few of them knew how to begin, he became head-mason and carpenter-in-chief to the whole settlement. He next got them to give him their assistance in erecting suitable chapels at different points of the peninsula. He built two orphanages, one for boys and one for girls, into which he gathered all the fatherless and motherless children; and to the instruction of these young people he gave special attention. Above all, he sought by constant cheerfulness and unflagging energy to infuse a new spirit into that forlorn collection of doomed men and women. By teaching them to work he brought a fresh and healthy interest into their lives. By creating a Christian public opinion he lifted them out of the condition of filth and sottishness into which they had sunk. But, above all,

What was Damien Like?

he wiped off from their souls "the soiling of despair" by the assurance he gave them of human sympathy and Divine love.

What was Father Damien like? many will ask. He was tall and strong, indeed of an imposing presence, with a bright and serene countenance and a rich and powerful voice. The very sight of him brought strength and comfort to others. Like the Master Whom he loved and sought to follow, and Who also was the Friend of the leper, he was possessed of a strange magnetism—a kind of vital "virtue"—which, though in Damien's case it could not effect miracles, yet had power to lift up the hearts of those who were bowed down by their infirmities.

So the years passed on, while day after day was filled up with such tasks as we have described. During the first six months the father was sometimes haunted by the thought that he had contracted the insidious disease, but thereafter he banished the idea from his mind, and lived on in Molokai for many years in perfect health and strength. One day, however, as he was washing his feet in unusually

Himself a Leper

hot water, he noticed that they had been blistered with the heat without his being conscious of any pain. At once he knew what this meant. He had not lived so long in the settlement without learning that the absence of feeling in any part of the body is one of the surest symptoms of leprosy; and now he understood that his doom was sealed. But the fact made very little difference in either his thoughts or his ways. So long as he was able he went on with his duties as before, while he exerted himself with special anxiety to secure that after he was gone the work he had been doing in the settlement should be carried on, and carried on still more efficiently than had been possible for one who laboured single-handed. And before he died he had the joy of knowing not only that these deeds of love and mercy would be taken up and continued by other fathers of his order, but that a band of Franciscan sisters, inspired by his great example, had volunteered to serve as nurses among the lepers of Molokai, and that an adequate hospital with a thoroughly qualified doctor would seek to assuage the sufferings of

In Life and in Death

those who had reached the last stages of the fatal malady.

In spite of all that Father Damien accomplished when he was alive, we might almost say that he did more for the Hawaiian lepers by his death than by his life. It was not till after he had passed away that men came to a full knowledge of this hero of the nineteenth century. Largely by the help of the burning pen of Robert Louis Stevenson, the story of his willing martyrdom flew round the world and made the name of Molokai illustrious. International sympathy was aroused for the poor sufferers for whom Damien laid down his life. The Press of every Christian country resounded with his fame. Princes and peasants sought to do him honour. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—now King Edward VII—placed himself at the head of a movement which had for its object to commemorate the life and labours of this brave soldier-saint of Jesus Christ. Money flowed in, by which it became possible to do much more for Damien's leper flock than he had ever been able to do himself. The Damien

A Statue and a Monument

Institute was formed in England for the training of Roman Catholic youths to the laborious life of missionary priests in the South Seas.

When Father Damien's end was drawing near, he expressed a desire to be buried at the foot of the pandanus tree beneath which he had lived when he first came to Molokai. The two fathers who were now with him thought it right to comply with his wishes; and so under the very spot which once served him for his bed his body lies awaiting the Resurrection, with flowers growing over it and the wide tree spreading above. In one of the streets of Louvain there stands a beautiful statue of Father Damien. His face is uplifted to heaven, his left hand holds a crucifix to his heart, his right arm is thrown in love and protection round the shoulder of a poor leper, who crouches to his side for comfort. It is a fine conception, finely executed; and yet its effect upon the beholder can hardly compare with the feelings of those who, like Stevenson and other pilgrims to the island, have stood by that grave in Molokai beneath the old pandanus tree and seen Father Damien's monument

An Acknowledgment

lying all around him in that community of lepers, which has been "purged, bettered, beautified" by his great act of sacrifice.

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AMONG THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS

CHAPTER IV

AMONG THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS

The Fiji Islands—Man-eating—Human sacrifice—King George of Tonga—James Calvert—The King of Bau—The man-hunters—Two brave ladies—Murder of widows—King Thakombau and Queen Victoria—A happy Christian warrior.

ALMOST due north of New Zealand, but at a distance of nearly 1200 miles, there lies embosomed in the midst of the Pacific Ocean a British group of islands of surpassing loveliness—one of the fairest jewel clusters in King Edward's crown. They are about two hundred and fifty in number, ranging from the size of a large English county to barren rocks which disappear altogether at the highest tides. To the invariable beauty of all volcanic islands in the tropics this group adds the peculiar charms of the coral formations of the Pacific. Mountains clothed in the most luxuriant vegetation toss their fretted peaks high into the

The Fiji Islands

air. Great green breakers dash perpetually on the barrier reefs, sending their snowy foam up to the very roots of the cocoanut trees that fringe the long shining beaches. Inside of the reefs, again, the lagoon lies sleeping, indigo-blue where its waters are deepest, emerald-green nearer to the shore; but always of such crystal clearness that the idle occupant of a canoe can see far down at the bottom the white sands, the richly tinted seaweeds, the exquisite coral growths—branching into innumerable varieties of form, and blossoming with all the colours of the rainbow. These are the Fiji Islands, ceded by King Thakombau to Queen Victoria in 1874. King Edward is now the real King of Fiji. But if it had not been for the splendid labours of a band of Wesleyan missionaries, of whom the Rev. James Calvert was the most notable, the possession of Fiji would have brought the British monarch the questionable honour of being a “King of the Cannibal Islands.”

It was not of Fiji that Bishop Heber wrote,

Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.

Man-eating

But to these islands some sixty years ago the words might very fitly have been applied. Even among the savage peoples of the South Seas the Fijians were notorious for every kind of brutal abomination. Man-eating was not only practised, but gloried in and gloated over. It had become a lust so overmastering that men were known to murder their nearest relatives in order to gratify the craving for human flesh. To such an extent was it carried on that there were some who could boast of having eaten hundreds of their fellow-creatures. Miss Gordon Cumming, in her most interesting book, *At Home in Fiji*, tells of a row of stones she saw, extending to a distance of 200 yards, which was nothing else than a cannibal register formerly kept by two chiefs to represent the number of persons they had themselves eaten—each stone standing for a human body. Woe betide the unfortunate crew whose ship drifted on to the reefs of a Fiji island! If they escaped from the cruel breakers, it was only to be dispatched by a club as soon as they reached the shore, and cooked forthwith in a huge cannibal oven.

Human Sacrifices

But cannibalism was only one of the many forms of Fijian cruelty. In these fair islands, one might say, the air was always tainted with the smell of blood, for without the sacrifice of human blood nothing of importance could be undertaken. If a war canoe was to be launched, it was dragged down to the water over the prostrate bodies of living men and women, who were always mangled, and often crushed to death in the process. When a chief's house was being built, deep holes were dug for the wooden pillars on which the house was to rest. A man was thrown into each hole, and he was compelled to stand clasping the pillar with his arms while the earth was filled in right over his head. At the death of a Fijian of any consequence all his wives were strangled and buried beside him to furnish what was called "lining for his grave." His mother also, if still alive, suffered the same fate; and it was the duty of the eldest son to take the leading part in the strangling of both his mother and grandmother. The lives of more distant female relatives and connexions were spared, but they had to express their grief by sawing off one of

The Fijians

their fingers with a sharp shell, joint by joint, so that it was hardly possible to see a woman in the islands who had not suffered mutilation in both her hands.

In spite of their cruelty, however, the Fijians were a race much superior, both in physique and intelligence, to the majority of the South Sea islanders. Usually tall and muscular, both men and women sometimes displayed proportions that were quite magnificent. Their social laws were elaborate, and they possessed some of the arts of civilization. As manufacturers of cloth, and especially of pottery, they were famous far and wide in the Pacific, and canoes came hundreds of miles from other island groups to purchase their ware. They also enjoyed a unique reputation as wig-makers and hairdressers. Every chief had his own private hair artist, who spent hours each day over his master's head. With all kinds of fantastic variations in the particular style, the general idea was to get the hair to stick out as far as possible from the skull; and especially skilful operators were able to produce a coiffure five feet in circumference. Like everything

King George of Tonga

else in this world, however, this elaborate top-dressing had to be paid for, and the payment came at bedtime. It was impossible to lay such a head upon a pillow, much more upon the ground. The Fijian had to rest his neck all night long on a bar of bamboo raised above the floor by two short legs.

It was between the thirties and the forties that the first pioneers of Christianity came to Fiji. About 250 miles to the east lie the Friendly Islands, inhabited by a race called Tongans. These Tongans were much bolder sailors than most of the South Sea races, and were in the habit of visiting Fiji periodically for purposes of trade. Eventually some of them settled in the most easterly islands of the group, a fact which led to still closer intercourse. In the Friendly Islands the Wesleyan missionaries had met with remarkable success. The Tongans nearly all became Christians, including their king, King George, as he was called after his baptism. In his heathen days this man had been a famous fighter, leading out his war canoes, like some Viking of the Pacific, and spreading death and devastation

James Calvert

far and near. Now that he was a Christian he was no less zealous in seeking to spread the Gospel of peace. Both he and his people were especially anxious that Christianity should be carried to Fiji, and they persuaded the Wesleyans to make the attempt. The Rev. James Calvert was among the pioneers in this dangerous enterprise; the only one who was spared to see the marvellous transformation which passed over the archipelago within the course of a single generation, and can only be compared to the transition that takes place within a single hour in those same tropical regions from the darkness of the night to the glory of the morning.

It was in Lakemba, one of the eastern or windward islands, as they are called, that Mr. and Mrs. Calvert first landed. It was a suitable place in which to begin, for here they were in the neighbourhood of the Tongan colonies where King George's influence was felt. All the same, they were subjected to a great deal of unkindness, and had to face constant dangers and hardships, especially as Mr. Calvert's district covered not Lakemba

The King of Bau

only, but twenty-four surrounding islands. Many days and nights had to be spent on the ocean in frail canoes. Many an anxious hour Mrs. Calvert had in Lakemba, alone in the midst of fierce savages, thinking, too, of her absent husband, who might be battling with the storm in a sea full of coral reefs, or standing unarmed in the midst of a throng of excited cannibals.

After some years of labour in their first sphere, it was decided that the Calverts should leave the eastern outskirts of the archipelago and make for the very citadel of Fijian heathenism and savagery. In the island of Bau, which lies near the heart of the whole group, there lived at that time an old king called Tanoa, one of the most ferocious of man-eaters, and his son Thakombau, a prince of almost gigantic size and at the same time of unusual intelligence and character. Both the king of Bau and his son were celebrated warriors. In case of need they could summon to their banner many scores of war canoes, and their power to strike was felt all over Fiji. Thakombau was capable of mildness, but with

The Wesleyan Missionaries

Tanoa blood-thirstiness had become a kind of mania. When he went forth in his huge sailing canoe to demand tribute from surrounding islands, nothing delighted him so much as to exact little children and to sail back to harbour with their bodies dangling from his yard-arms. Once a near kinsman had offended him, and though the culprit begged his pardon most humbly, Tanoa only responded by cutting off the arm of the poor wretch at the elbow and drinking the warm blood as it flowed. Next he cooked the arm and ate it in the presence of his victim, and finally had him cut to pieces limb by limb. He was no more merciful to his own children than to those of other people, and on one occasion compelled one of his sons to club a younger brother to death.

With characteristic courage the Wesleyan missionaries determined to strike at the very centre of Fijian cruelty, for they knew that if heathenism could be cast down in Bau, the effects of its downfall would be felt in every island of the archipelago. On Bau itself Tanoa would by no means permit them to settle, nor

The Man-hunters

would he allow any Christian services to be held in that island. He made no objections, however, to Mr. Calvert's building a house on an islet called Viwa, which is separated from Bau by only two miles of water, and he was quite willing to receive personal visits. Mr. Calvert had many a conversation with the old king and his son. On Tanoa he made not the slightest impression; but over Thakombau he gradually gained an influence which was to lead in due course both to the Christianization of the Fiji Islands and to their incorporation in Britain's world-wide empire.

But it was Mrs. Calvert, not her husband, who gained the first victory in the fight. Hospitality was a thing on which King Tanoa prided himself, and he never failed to entertain important guests with a banquet of human flesh. If enemies could be secured for the table, so much the better; but if not, he had no hesitation in sacrificing his own subjects. On one occasion a party of envoys from a piratical tribe had come to Bau to offer the king a share of their spoil by way of tribute. At once a hunting-party was sent out under

Two Brave Ladies

the leadership of Ngavindi, a notable chief, which soon returned with fourteen captives, all women—woman being considered an even greater delicacy than man. In those days the fishing in Fiji was nearly all done by the gentler sex, and these unfortunates were wading in the sea with their nets when the hunters sighted them. Creeping up with his men under the cover of a fringe of mangrove bushes which ran along the shore, Ngavindi dashed suddenly into the water and seized the screaming women, who knew only too well what sort of fate awaited them. Word of the occurrence came to Viwa almost immediately. Mr. Calvert was absent at the time on one of his numerous expeditions, but his wife and another lady who was with her resolved to do what they could to save the doomed wretches. They jumped into a canoe and paddled hastily across the strait. Before they reached the shore the din of the death-drums told them that the work of butchery had already begun. Every moment was precious now, and when they got to land they took to their heels and ran towards the king's house. By the laws of

Murder of Widows

Bau no woman was at liberty to cross Tanoa's threshold on pain of her life, unless he sent for her; but these two ladies thought nothing of their own danger. They rushed headlong into the king's presence, and with arms outstretched besought him to spare the remaining victims. The very boldness of their action made it successful. Tanoa seemed quite dumbfounded by their audacity, but he at once ordered the slaughter to cease. Nine of the poor women had already been killed and carried off to the ovens, but the remaining five were immediately set at liberty.

There was another custom not less cruel than cannibalism, and even more difficult to uproot, since it was deeply intertwined with the religious ideas of the people and especially with their thoughts about the future life. This was the practice already referred to of strangling a man's wives and even his mother on the occasion of his funeral, so that their spirits might accompany him into the invisible world. As King Tanoa was an old man whose end seemed to be drawing near, the prospect of his death and what might happen in connexion

James Calvert's Appeal

with it gave Mr. Calvert the deepest concern. He knew that if Fijian usage was adhered to, the departure of so great a chieftain from the world was sure to be attended by a wholesale immolation of his women-folk. He also saw that if the practice could be broken down at Tanoa's obsequies, a deadly blow would be struck at such abominations. He therefore visited Thakombau, the heir-apparent, again and again, and urged him by every consideration in his power to abandon the idea of slaughtering his father's wives. He tried to appeal to his better feelings; he promised to give him a very handsome present if he would refrain from blood; he even went so far as to offer to cut off his own finger, after the Fijian fashion of mourning, if the women might be spared. But though Thakombau was evidently impressed by Mr. Calvert's pleadings, he would give no assurance, and Mr. Calvert learned afterwards that all the while Tanoa himself had been privately instructing his son that his wives must on no account be kept from accompanying him on his journey into the unseen.

King Thakombau

The old king's death took place rather suddenly in the end, and on this occasion too Mr. Calvert happened to be absent on duty in a distant island, so that it fell to a younger missionary, Mr. Watsford, to take action. As soon as he heard of the death, he made for Bau with all possible haste. Within Tanoa's house and in the very presence of the corpse the work of massacre had begun. Two wives were lying dead, and a third had been summoned, when the missionary burst in. When Thakombau saw him enter he became greatly excited, and trembling from head to foot he cried out, "What about it, Mr. Watsford?" "Refrain, sir!" Mr. Watsford exclaimed, speaking with great difficulty, for his emotions almost overpowered him. "Refrain! that is plenty; two are dead." But though Thakombau was moved, he would not yield. "They are not many," he said; "only five. But for you missionaries, many more would have accompanied my father." And so the other three victims were brought in—newly bathed, anointed with oil, dressed in their best as if going to a joyous feast. And there, in

A Great Victory

the very presence of the white man as he kept pleading for their lives, they were put to death in the usual way. They were made to kneel down on the floor; a cord was fastened round their necks; and this cord was gradually drawn tighter and tighter till life was extinct.

But though King Thakombau had not the courage at this time to defy the ancient traditions of his people, the influence of a higher teaching had been slowly telling upon him, and the day-dawn in Fiji was about to begin. Soon after Tanoa's funeral a Bau chief died, and Mr. Calvert was able in this case to persuade Thakombau to forbid any sacrifice of the women of the house. The usual preparations for murder had already been made, and the royal command gave great offence to many. The chief executioner flung down his strangling-cord and exclaimed, "Then I suppose we are to die like anybody now!" But a great victory had been won for humanity and Christianity. A precedent against a brutal custom had been established, which made it much easier for all time coming to rescue the proposed victims of superstition and cruelty.

Presents to Queen Victoria

But the greatest triumph of all came when Thakombau resolved to renounce heathenism altogether and take his stand on the Christian side. In the presence of a vast crowd, summoned by the beating of the very death-drums which had formerly rolled out their invitation to the islanders to be present at a cannibal feast, the king of Bau renounced his past, proclaimed his faith, and declared his intention to live henceforth as a follower of Christ. That day of 1857 was not only a day of gratitude and thanksgiving in the experience of Mr. Calvert and his colleagues, but one of the most important days in the history of Fiji. It was the precursor, indeed, of another day some seventeen years later when Thakombau, having applied to be taken under the protection of the British Crown, formally ceded the Fiji Islands to Queen Victoria, handing over at the same time to the British Envoy his old war-club, in token of the fact that his people were now "abandoning club law and adopting the forms and principles of civilized society." Thakombau's magnificent club, together with his drinking-bowl, of which he made a present to our

A Happy Christian Warrior

Queen, may now be seen by interested visitors in the British Museum. Innocent as they now look in their Museum case, it requires some exercise of the imagination to picture forth the awful scenes of massacre and the loathsome cannibal orgies in which that same club and drinking-bowl once had their share.

This book is called *Missionary Heroes in Oceania*. To those who read his story afterwards, the heroism and romance of a missionary's life often lies in the faith and courage and tenacity with which he faced toils and dangers, even though his endeavours did not result in great outward achievements. But there are other cases in which the romance of the missionary adventurer's life appears not only in the trials and difficulties he faces, but in the wonderful victories he wins. Now and then there comes a fortunate knight of Christ before whom embattled hosts go down, and who wins his way into the City of Jerusalem and claims it in his Lord's name. James Calvert was such a happy knight. When he and his young wife reached Fiji, one of his first tasks was to gather up and bury the skulls,

Light of the Sun-rising

hands, and feet of eighty men and women who had been sacrificed at a single feast. All around them day by day deeds of horror went on which might well have frozen the blood of any one who was not sustained by faith in God. Men and women bound with ropes were dragged past their door, going literally like oxen to the slaughter. The very air they breathed was foul at times with the sickening odour of roasting human flesh. Yet they hardly dared to express their disgust and loathing. A brother missionary and his wife narrowly escaped from being themselves burnt alive because the lady had ventured to close the window and draw down the blind in order to shut out the sight and smell of what was going on in front of their house. On his visits to strange islands, too, Mr. Calvert always went with his life in his hand, and more than once had marvellous escapes from a death that seemed certain. But this same missionary, who had seen Fiji in its midnight gloom, was spared to see it in the light of the sun-rising. He was spared to see the islands provided with 1300 Christian churches, crowded Sunday after

Sources of the Narrative

Sunday by devout congregations. And where once the stillness of the night had been often broken by the death-shriek of the victim or the cannibal's exultant death-song, he was spared to hear, as he passed along the village paths after dark had fallen, the voices of fathers, mothers, and little children rising together from many a home in sweet evening hymns.

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THE APOSTLE OF THE NEW
HEBRIDES

CHAPTER V

THE APOSTLE OF THE NEW HEBRIDES

John Williams and John G. Paton—First night on Tanna—A lonely grave—The power of an empty revolver—Savages foiled by a retriever—A tragedy on Erromanga—The sandal-wood traders—H.M.S. *Poros*—Bishop Selwyn's testimony—The power of prayer—"The last awful night"—Facing the cannibals—Jehovah's rain—Epilogue.

OF all the many island clusters of the South Pacific there is none, perhaps, which has so good a claim as the New Hebrides to be regarded as classic ground in the history of Christian missions. It was on Erromanga, one of this group, that John Williams, the greatest of all the missionaries of Oceania, the "Apostle of the South Seas," as he has justly been called, fell in death under the club of a fierce cannibal. And it was on Tanna, an adjacent island, that the veteran Dr. John G. Paton, a man not less apostolic than John

First Night on Tanna

Williams, began a career so full of intrepid action and hairbreadth escape, of thrilling adventure and extraordinary romance, mingled at times with dreadful tragedy, that more almost than any other in the missionary annals of modern times it serves to illustrate the saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

It is nearly fifty years since Dr. Paton was sent out by the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland to begin his life-work among the cannibals of the New Hebrides. Tanna was the island chosen for his sphere, an island hitherto untouched by Christianity; and the Tannese were among the most ferocious savages of those southern seas.

When he landed, war was afoot between an inland tribe and a tribe of the shore. He tells how, on the very first night that he spent on Tanna, five or six men who had been killed in the fighting were cooked and eaten at a neighbouring spring, so that next morning, when he wanted some water to make tea for his breakfast, the spring was so polluted with blood that it could not be used. On the second evening the quiet of the night was broken by a sound

A Lonely Grave

more blood-curdling even than the howls of infuriated warriors—"a wild, wailing cry from the villages around, long-continued and unearthly." It told of the strangling of the widow, that she might accompany her dead husband into the other world and be his servant there as she had been here.

At first Mr. Paton had the companionship of his brave young wife amidst the trials and perils which had daily to be faced. But in a few months she was cut off by fever, together with the little son who had just been born to them. The lonely man had to dig a grave with his own hands, and lay the bodies of his beloved ones in the dust. At this time, when he was almost distracted with grief, a providential visit from Bishop Selwyn and Mr. Coleridge Patteson in their Mission ship brought him the consolation of true Christian sympathy. "Standing with me," he writes, "beside the grave of mother and child, I weeping aloud on his one hand, and Patteson—afterwards the Martyr Bishop of Nukapu—sobbing silently on the other, the godly Bishop Selwyn poured out his heart to God amidst

Provision for a Cannibal Feast

sobs and tears, during which he laid his hands on my head, and invoked Heaven's richest consolations and blessings on me and my trying labours."

Strengthened by this angel visit from the noble pair of Church of England missionaries, Mr. Paton set to work once more, though day by day he was made to feel that his life hung by a single thread. Constantly the savages threatened him with death; sometimes during the night they made cowardly attacks upon his life. But in some way or other—the stumbling of an assailant, the barking of his trusty dog, the working of superstitious fear in a heathen heart—the danger was always turned aside.

One morning before daybreak Mr. Paton was wakened by the noise of shots being fired along the beach. He had brought a few native teachers from the Christian island of Aneityum to help him in his work, and one of these men rushed in breathlessly to say that six or seven natives had been shot dead to make provision for a great cannibal feast, and that the murderers were coming to kill Mr. Paton and the Aneityumese for the same purpose.

Power of an Empty Revolver

At once he called all the teachers into the house, locked the door, and barred the window. By and by the tramp of many approaching feet was heard. And all through the morning and the long forenoon the cannibals kept running round the house, whispering to one another, and hovering about the window and the door. But the expected attack was never made. The Tannese knew that Mr. Paton had a fowling-piece and a revolver in the house; they did not know that he had vowed never to use them to destroy human lives. And the fear of these weapons in a white man's hands must have held them back, for towards noon they stole silently away, and held their gruesome feast without the addition of Christian victims.

Amidst scenes like this Mr. Paton went on steadily with his work, teaching all whom he could get to listen, mastering the language, translating parts of the Bible into Tannese, and printing them with a little printing-press that he had got from Scotland. He was greatly cheered at last by the arrival of another missionary, Mr. Johnston, who was accom-

A Nocturnal Visit

panied by his wife. But not long after their arrival a painful tragedy befell.

It was New Year's night, and the Johnstons had joined Mr. Paton at family worship. Worship over, they retired to their own cabin, which was only a few yards off; but Mr. Johnston came back immediately to inform Mr. Paton that two men with painted faces were standing just outside his window armed with huge clubs.

Going out, Mr. Paton at once confronted these nocturnal visitors, and asked them what they wanted. "Medicine for a sick boy," they replied. He told them to come in and get it, but the agitation they showed, and their evident unwillingness to come into the light of the room, made him suspect that they had some murderous design. He allowed no sign of his thoughts to appear, however, but stepped, along with Mr. Johnston, into the house, followed by the two men; and, keeping a watchful eye on them all the while, quietly prepared the medicine.

When he came forward with it the men, instead of taking it, tightened their grasp

Foiled by a Retriever

upon their killing-stones. But his steady gaze seemed to cow them, and when he sternly ordered them to leave the house they turned away.

At that moment Mr. Johnston stooped down to lift a little kitten of Mr. Paton's that was running out at the door, and instantly one of the savages leaped forward and aimed a blow at the stooping man. Mr. Johnston saw it coming, and in trying to avoid it rolled over and fell prostrate on the floor.

Quick as thought, Mr. Paton sprang in between his friend and the savages, upon which the two men turned on him and raised their stone clubs in the air to strike him down. He was saved by the courage and fidelity of his two dogs. One of them in particular, a little cross-bred retriever with terrier's blood in him, showed the utmost boldness, and sprang furiously at the faces of the cannibals. The dog was badly hurt, but the savages were foiled, and at last they took to their heels through the door.

Accustomed to such scenes, Mr. Paton retired to rest, and slept soundly. With the

A Tragedy on Erromanga

newly arrived missionary it was otherwise. He had received a nervous shock, from which he never recovered; and in three weeks he was dead. Again Mr. Paton had to make a coffin and dig a grave. And then, he says, referring to the heart-broken young widow and himself, "We two alone at sunset laid him to rest close by the Mission House, beside my own dear wife and child."

Shortly after this a dreadful deed of blood was wrought on Erromanga, where John Williams had been murdered fully twenty years before. The Rev. Mr. Gordon and his wife, Presbyterian missionaries from Nova Scotia, had been settled on the island, and were making some inroads on its heathendom. But the sandalwood traders of the New Hebrides, a very debased set of men in those days, hated Mr. Gordon because he denounced their atrocities and warned the natives against their vices. In revenge they excited the superstitions of the Erromangans by persuading them that a plague of measles and a hurricane, both of which had recently visited the island, were brought about by Mr. Gordon. Thus



DR. PATON'S LIFE SAVED BY HIS FAITHFUL DOGS

The Sandal-wood Traders

the sandalwooders were responsible for a calamity which made Erromanga once more a martyr isle, and all but led to a scene of martyrdom on Tanna also.

One day, when Mr. Gordon was hard at work thatching a printing shed, in which he hoped to provide the Erromangans with the Word of God in their own tongue, two men came to him and begged for medicine. At once he left his work and started with them towards the Mission House. As he was stepping over a streamlet that ran across the path his foot slipped, and that moment the two men were upon him with their tomahawks. A terrible blow on the spine laid him on the ground; a second on the neck almost parted his head from his body. Immediately a band of natives, who had been hiding in the surrounding bush, rushed out and danced in frantic joy round the dead missionary.

Meanwhile Mrs. Gordon, hearing the noise, came out of the house, wondering what had happened. The spot where her murdered husband lay was fortunately concealed from her eyes by a clump of trees. One of the natives

Mr. Paton Threatened

approached her, and when she asked him what the noise meant, told her that it was only the boys amusing themselves. Then, as she turned to gaze once more in the direction of the shouting, he crept stealthily behind her, drove his tomahawk into her back, and severed her neck with his next blow.

Just after this double murder a sandalwood trader brought a party of Erromangans over to Tanna in his boat. These Erromangans urged the Tannese to kill Mr. Paton as they themselves had killed the Gordons; and though some of the Tanna chiefs refused to have anything to do with the business, the great majority of them began to cry aloud for the missionary's death. Crowds came flocking to the Mission House and shouting in Mr. Paton's hearing, "The men of Erromanga killed Missi Williams long ago, and now they have killed Missi Gordon. Let us kill Missi Paton too, and drive the worship of Jehovah from our land." Another favourite cry of the time, and one that boded ill for this "much-enduring" man, whose constant perils, adventures, and escapes recall the story of old

The Commodore's Offer

Ulysses—was "Our love to the Erromangans! Our love to the Erromangans!"

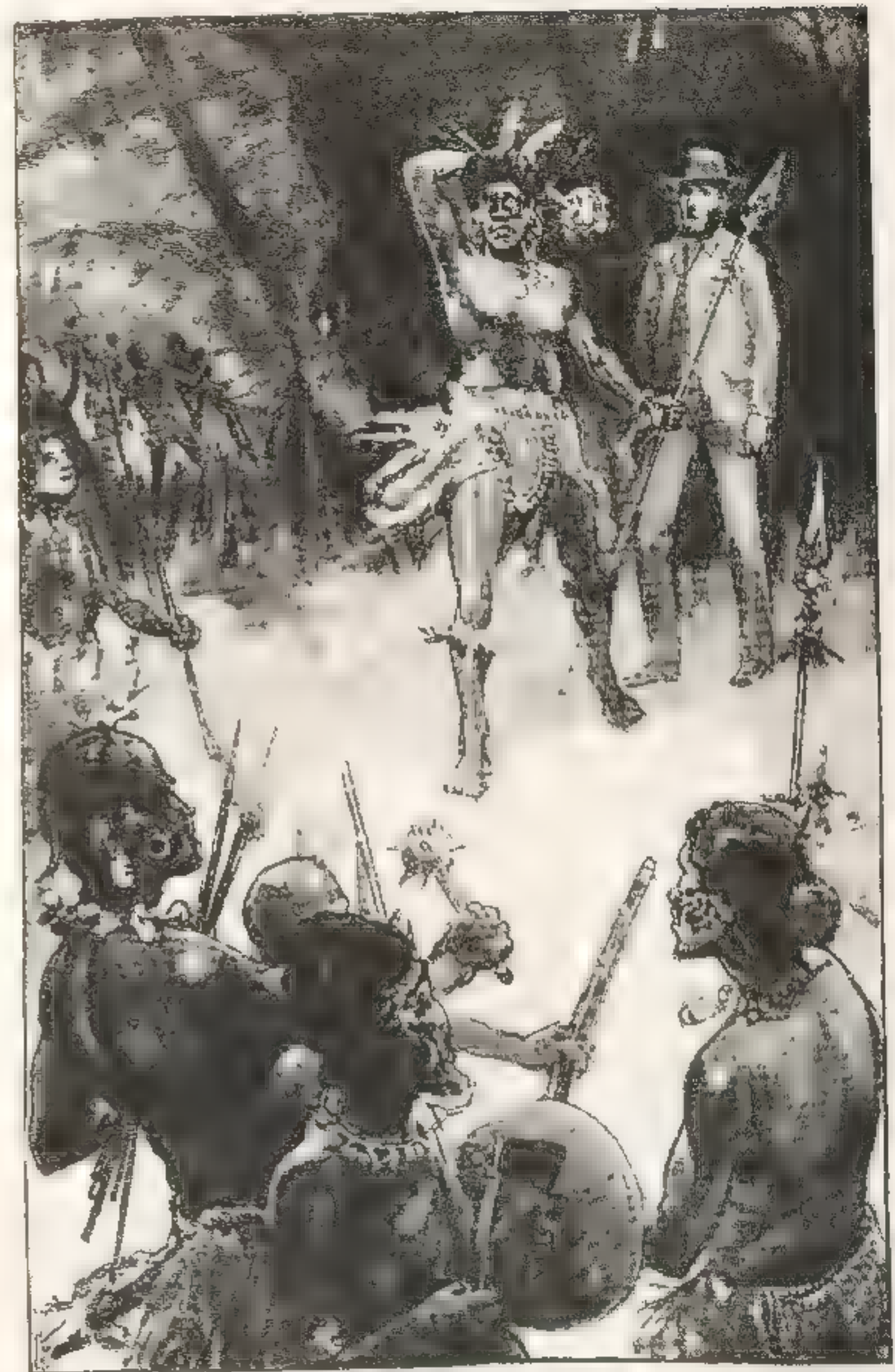
At this juncture, just when Mr. Paton's life from day to day seemed to be hanging by a single hair, two British warships sailed into the harbour. Seeing the state of matters, the Commodore urged Mr. Paton to leave Tanna at once, and offered to convey him either to New Zealand, or to the island of Aneityum, where Christianity had obtained a firm footing. But though grateful for the Commodore's kindness, he firmly declined to leave his post. He knew that if he did so his station would immediately be broken up, and all the labours of the past three or four years would go for nothing. Moreover, in spite of all that had happened, in spite of the fact that so many of the people would willingly have put him to death, he loved those cruel savages with that Christian love which sees the latent possibilities of goodness in the very worst of men. To him a troop of howling cannibals, literally thirsting for his blood, were his "dear benighted Tannese" after all.

It takes a hero to understand a hero. And

H.M.S. "Pelorus"

it may help us to appreciate Mr. Paton's heroism in standing fast at what he felt to be the post of duty, when we find what Bishop Selwyn thought of it after hearing the whole story of the incident from Commodore Seymour's own lips. Describing to a friend how the brave Scotchman had declined to leave Tanna by H.M.S. *Pelorus*, he added, "And I like him all the better for so doing." The following words in one of his letters show how high he rated Mr. Paton's conduct:—

"Talk of bravery! talk of heroism! The man who leads a forlorn hope is a coward in comparison with him, who, on Tanna, thus alone, without a sustaining look or cheering word from one of his own race, regards it as his duty to hold on in the face of such dangers. We read of the soldier, found after the lapse of ages among the ruins of Herculaneum, who stood firm at his post amid the fiery rain destroying all around him, thus manifesting the rigidity of the discipline amongst those armies of ancient Rome which conquered the world. Mr. Paton was subjected to no such iron law. He might, with honour, when offered to him,



"YOU MUST KILL ME FIRST"

The illustration shows a scene where many of the natives were intent on killing Mr. Paton, who, with his men, saved his life.

Attacked in the Bush

have sought a temporary asylum in Auckland, where he would have been heartily received. But he was moved by higher considerations. He chose to remain, and God knows whether at this moment he is in the land of the living."

After the departure of the men-of-war, constant attempts were made on Mr. Paton's life. Sometimes his empty revolver drove away his cowardly assailants. Frequently he was delivered by his perfect faith in the Divine protection and the confidence with which he asserted that faith. Once, for example, as he was going along a path in the bush, a man sprang suddenly from behind a bread-fruit tree, and swinging his tomahawk on high with a fiendish look, aimed it straight for Mr. Paton's brow. Springing aside, the missionary avoided the blow. And before the ruffian could raise his weapon a second time, he turned upon him and said in a voice in which there was no fear, "If you dare to strike me, my Jehovah God will punish you. He is here to defend me now." At once the man trembled from head to foot, and looked all round to see

The Power of Prayer

if this Jehovah God might not be standing near among the shadows.

Another time it seemed that the end had surely come. A conch shell was heard pealing out a warlike summons. Evidently it was a preconcerted signal, for the ominous notes had not died away before there was seen an immense multitude of armed savages advancing at the double down the slopes of a hill some distance off. Abandoning the Mission House, Mr. Paton, with his native teachers, escaped through the bush to the village of a half-friendly chief some miles away; but it was not long till the savages were hot-foot on their trail.

The fugitives saw them coming, and knew that God alone could save them. "We prayed," says Dr. Paton, "as one can only pray when in the jaws of death. And then a strange thing happened. When about 300 yards off, the pursuers suddenly stood stock-still. The chief with whom he had taken refuge touched Mr. Paton's knee, and said, "Missi, Jehovah is hearing!" And to this day Dr. Paton can give no other explanation

"The Last Awful Night"

of what took place. That host of warriors, to whom no opposition could possibly have been offered, hesitated, turned back, and disappeared into the forest.

At length there came what Dr. Paton's brother and editor describes as "the last awful night." Driven from his own station, Mr. Paton had succeeded, after encountering dreadful risks and hardships by sea and land, in joining Mr. and Mrs. Mathieson, who occupied another post of the Mission at the opposite end of Tanna. But soon the cannibals were on his track again, and the crisis came which led to the breaking up for a time of all Christian work on Tanna.

The Mission House was in a state of siege, and Mr. Paton, worn out with fatigue and constant watching, had fallen into a deep sleep. He was awakened by his faithful dog Clutha pulling at his clothes. Feeling sure that the instincts of the animal had not deceived it, and that even in the dead silence of the night it must have scented some danger, Mr. Paton awakened his companions.

Hardly had he done so when a glare of red

A Noble Deed

light fell into the room. Then dark figures were seen flitting to and fro with blazing torches and making for the adjoining church, which was speedily in flames. Next the savages applied their torches to the reed fence by which the Mission House was connected with the church. And now the inmates knew that in a very few minutes the house also would be on fire, and that outside in the night armed savages would be waiting to strike them down with coward blows if they tried to make their escape.

Then it was that Mr. Paton performed a deed which, if done by a soldier on the field of battle, would be thought worthy of the Victoria Cross. Seizing a little American tomahawk with his right hand, and taking his empty revolver in the left, he issued suddenly from the door before the savages had closed in upon the house. Running towards the burning fence, he attacked that part of it which was still untouched by the fire, cutting it down with his tomahawk in a frenzy of haste, and hurling it back into the flames so that it might no longer serve as a conductor

Facing the Cannibals

between the church and the house. At first the savages were spell-bound by his boldness, but soon several of them leaped forward with clubs uplifted. Levelling his harmless revolver at them, Mr. Paton dared them to strike him; and though they all urged one another to give the first blow, not one of them had the courage to do it.

So they stood facing each other in the lurid glow of the burning church, now flaring up through the midnight like a great torch—the intrepid white man and that band of blood-thirsty cannibals. And then there occurred something which the chief actor in this most dramatic scene has never ceased to attribute to the direct interposition of God. A rushing, roaring sound came out of the south, like the muttering of approaching thunder. Every head was turned instinctively in that direction, for the natives knew by experience that a tornado was about to burst upon them.

In another moment it fell. Had it come from the north, no power on earth could have saved the Mission House and its inmates; but coming from the quarter exactly opposite, it

Jehovah's Rain

swept the flame backwards and destroyed every chance of the house taking fire. And on the heels of the loud hurricane there came a lashing torrent of tropical rain, which before long extinguished the fire altogether. With this furious onset of the elements a panic seized the savages. "This is Jehovah's rain," they cried. And in a few moments every one of them had disappeared into the darkness, leaving Mr. Paton free to rejoin Mr. Mathieson and his wife in perfect safety.

That was Mr. Paton's last night on Tanna. Next morning the *Blue Bell*, a trading vessel, came sailing into the bay, and by it the missionaries were rescued from their now desperate situation and taken to Aneityum. Both Mr. and Mrs. Mathieson died soon after. The strain of their experiences on Tanna had been too great. But in Mr. Paton's case those years of trial and apparent defeat proved but his apprenticeship for the extraordinary work he has accomplished since.

First by his labours on the island of Aniwa, which lies between Tanna and Erromanga. The natives there, though cannibals too, were

Building of the "Dayspring"

less violent and brutal than the Tannese. Dr. Paton tells how, in clearing ground to build himself a house on Aniwa, he gathered off that little spot of earth two large baskets of human bones. Pointing to them, he said to an Aniwan chief: "How do these bones come to be here?" "Ah," replied the native, with a shrug worthy of a cynical Frenchman, "we are not Tanna men! We do not eat the bones!" The tale of Mr. Paton's life in Aniwa is as thrilling as any in the annals of the Missionary Church. But that, as Mr. Kipling would say, is another story, and cannot be told here.

Nor can we do more than allude to the romance of Mr. Paton's wanderings through the Australian bush and over the cities of England and Scotland in connexion with the building of the *Dayspring*, or rather a succession of *Daysprings*, for shipwreck was a common thing in those coral-studded seas, and the time came besides when for mission work, as for other work, the ship of sails had to give place to the ship of steam.

And to come back to Tanna again, it can

Epilogue

only be said that fruit appeared at length in "that hardest field in Heathendom." Dr. Paton has had the joy of seeing other men enter into his labours, the peculiar joy of giving his own son, the Rev. Frank Paton, to that same island where he toiled in loneliness and tears till driven from its shores by the savages themselves. His patient sufferings no less than his unselfish work helped to bring about at last a relenting of the Tannese heart. His early ploughshare, we might say, driven through the hard soil, opened the way for the hopeful sowers and glad reapers who came in due season.

The author desires to acknowledge his special obligations to the Rev. James Paton, D.D., minister of St. Paul's Church, Glasgow, who is Dr. John G. Paton's brother and the editor of his works, for allowing him to make use of both the *Autobiography* and *The Story of John G. Paton*.

KAPIOLANI AND THE GODDESS OF THE VOLCANO

CHAPTER VI

KAPIOLANI AND THE GODDESS OF THE VOLCANO

Opukahaia at the gates of Yale—The expedition to Hawaii—Titus Coan—*New Acts of the Apostles*—An adventurous tour—Kapiolani—The march to the volcano—The pythoness of Pélé—On the floor of the crater—The challenge to the fire-goddess—Sudden fall of the Hawaiian Dagoes.

ONE morning in the second decade of the nineteenth century, as some Yale students passed up the college steps on their way to their class-rooms, they found sitting at the entrance door a dark-skinned lad who was crying silently. When they asked who he was and what was wrong, he told them in his broken English a story at once strange and sad.

He was a native of the Hawaiian Islands. In one of the constant and barbarous inter-tribal fights his home had been destroyed by the victors and his father and mother cut down before his eyes. Taking his infant brother on his

Opukahaia

back, he had tried to escape, but was soon noticed, pursued, and overtaken. A ruthless spear was thrust through the body of the child he bore, while he himself was seized and dragged away into slavery.

He had gained his liberty by hiding himself on board an American ship which had called at Hawaii and was homeward bound for New Haven, in Connecticut. On the long voyage round Cape Horn he was treated kindly enough, but when the vessel reached its destination he was of no use to any one, and was turned adrift to follow his own devices.

Unlike Neesima of Japan, of whom at some points his story reminds us, Opukahaia, for that was the name of this Hawaiian lad, had no Mr. Hardy waiting for him in the strange port. But as he roamed about the town, wondering what was to become of him, he came to Yale College, and saw the bands of students passing in and out. In the few words of English which he had picked up from the sailors he asked a passer-by what that great building was, and why those young men kept coming and going. He was told that this was a school of learning,

At the Gates of Yale

and that those who entered its walls did so that wise men might teach them all that it was best to know.

Now, though a Pacific islander and half a savage, Opukahaia had that same thirst for knowledge which delighted Dr. Samuel Johnson so greatly when he discovered it one day in a young waterman who was rowing him across the Thames, and which frequently appears in persons who would hardly be suspected of having any intellectual tastes at all. In this youth from Hawaii, with his dark skin and restless eyes and broken speech, there burned an eager longing to know much more than he did, and especially to learn the secret of the white man's wisdom. It seemed natural to him to turn his feet towards the College, since there, it seemed, the fountain of truth and knowledge was to be found.

But when he climbed the steps and reached the portal his heart had failed him utterly; and that was why the students found him crouching there that morning with the tears rolling down his cheeks.

His questioners were half-amused by this

The Expedition to Hawaii

curious tale. But there were kind men among them, and many kind and Christian hearts among the good folk of the old Puritan town. An interest was awakened in Opukahaia, which led to his being provided for, and taught not only something of the wisdom of the white men, but the great saving truths of the Christian faith.

After some years had passed, Opukahaia felt that he must go back to his own islands and tell his people the good news that he had learned himself. But meanwhile the romantic story of this Hawaiian youth had become widely known, and an interest in him and his country had grown up among the American Churches. The American Board of Foreign Missions took up the matter, and decided to begin missionary work in the Hawaiian Islands. The scheme was entered into with a great deal of popular enthusiasm. And when at length in 1820 the pioneers set sail on their long voyage round the South American continent, the party included no fewer than seventeen persons besides Opukahaia himself.

In a very real sense Opukahaia may be

Titus Coan

looked upon as the founder of the American mission in Hawaii. If he had not sat weeping some years before on the doorstep of Yale College, that band of missionaries would never have sailed in the *Thaddeus* for those far-off heathen islands. But here his share in the enterprise comes to an end. He was not destined to carry the Gospel to his countrymen. The harsh New England winters had been too much for one born amidst the soft, warm breezes of the Pacific Ocean. He died of a decline, and it was left to others to carry out that idea, which his mind had been the first to conceive, of giving to the Hawaiian people the blessings of a Christian civilization.

Beginning so romantically, the story of this American expedition grew even more romantic as time went on. Perhaps there has never been in the whole history of Protestant missions another record of such rapid and wholesale transformation of a degraded heathen race as took place in connexion with this enterprise which had been inspired by the strange vision of a Sandwich Islander knocking at the gates of a Christian college. The Rev. Titus Coan,

"New Acts of the Apostles"

for example, one of the leading figures of that stirring period, baptized more than 1700 persons on a single Sunday, and in one year received considerably more than 5000 men and women into the full communion of the Church. Persons who up to the time of their conversion had lived the lawless life of the savage—robbers, murderers, drunkards, the former high priests of a cruel idolatry, "their hands but recently washed from the blood of human victims"—all assembled together in Christian peace and love to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. As Dr. A. T. Pierson remarks in his *New Acts of the Apostles*, the transforming energies which swept through the islands in the early years of the Mission "find no adequate symbols but those volcanic upheavals with which the Kanakas are familiar." And yet, sudden as it was, this was no transient emotional result. It was a reconstruction of the community from its very base, "the permanent creation of an orderly, decorous, peaceful Christian State."

Of all the arresting incidents of this great religious revolution, the most dramatic is one

An Adventurous Tour

which took place within the very crater of Kilauea, the largest and most awful of the active volcanoes of the world. In this dread amphitheatre, on the very brink of the eternal "Fire Fountains of Hawaii," Kapiolani, the high chieftainess of Kaavaroa, openly challenged and defied Pélé, the indwelling goddess of the volcano, as every Hawaiian believed. Her act has been likened to that of Boniface at Geismar, when with his axe he hewed down the venerable oak which had been sacred for centuries to Thor the Thunderer, while those around looked on with the fascination of horror, expecting every moment to see him struck dead by a bolt from heaven. Still more aptly the incident is compared by Miss Gordon Cumming to the great scene on Carmel, when Elijah challenged the idolatrous priests of Baal in the name of Israel's God.

In 1825 one of the missionaries, the Rev. Mr. Bishop, made a preaching tour right round the main island of Hawaii. An adventurous tour it was, for he constantly had to clamber on hands and knees up the face of precipitous cliffs, and to make his way over

Kapiolani

rugged lava beds or across deep gullies and swollen mountain torrents. At other times it was necessary to skirt the frowning rocky coast in a frail canoe, so as to circumvent those inland barriers which could not be crossed.

The native villages were often difficult to find, hidden as they were in almost inaccessible glens. But whenever this brave adventurous preacher stood face to face with the people, the most wonderful results followed, and he was amply repaid for all his dangers and toils.

Among the converts of that time was Kapiolani, the most noted of all the female chiefs of Hawaii, who ruled over large possessions in the southern part of the main island. Previous to this, she had been intensely superstitious, and like most of the natives, had lived a reckless and intemperate life. Now she was utterly changed. First she set herself to reform her own life, dismissing all her husbands but one, who like herself professed Christianity, and adopting strictly sober habits. Next she did her utmost to uproot idolatrous notions

The Volcano Pélé

and customs among her people, putting down infanticide, murder, drunkenness, and robbery with a firm hand, and without counting the possible cost to herself.

She soon realized that the great obstacle to the progress of the Gospel among the Hawaiians was their superstitious faith in the divinities of Kilauea, and above all in Pélé herself, the grim and terrible goddess who was supposed to have her dwelling-place within the crater of the burning mountain. Pélé had her retinue of priests and prophets, both male and female, whose hold upon the popular imagination was nothing short of tremendous. Their false teaching seemed to be reinforced by the great volcano with its smoking summit—an ever-present reality in the eyes of all. Its frequent eruptions revealed the might of the unseen goddess. The deep thunders of Kilauea were Pélé's own voice. The long filaments spun by the wind from the liquid lava and tossed over the edge of the crater were Pélé's dusky, streaming hair. And those priests and priestesses who offered daily sacrifice to her divinity were the living oracles of

The March to the Volcano

her will. Upon their most cruel and licentious dictates and practices there rested the sanctions of the invisible world.

Kapiolani saw quite clearly that the power of the fire-goddess must be broken before Christianity could spread in Hawaii. She accordingly resolved to challenge that power in its innermost stronghold and sanctuary, by defying Pélé to her face on the very floor of the crater of Kilauea.

When she announced her intention to her followers, they did everything they could to hold her back from such a project. Even her husband, though himself a professed Christian, begged her to abstain from a deed so rash and dangerous. But to all expostulations she had one reply. "All *tabus*," she said, "are done away. We are safe in the keeping of the Almighty God, and no power of earth or hell can harm His servants." When her people saw how determined she was they gave up trying to dissuade her, and about eighty of them were even so bold as to volunteer to accompany her to the summit of the fiery mountain.

From Kapiolani's home Kilauea was distant

The Pythoness of Pélé

about one hundred miles in a straight line. To reach it was a toilsome journey—a journey which took her and her companions over jagged mountain peaks and rough lava-beds. But no *détour* would she make. She pressed straight on towards the volcano, over which there ever hung a dark pall of smoke by day, a lurid cloud of fire by night.

As she advanced, the people came in crowds out of the valleys to watch the progress of this strange pilgrimage. Many of them implored her to turn back ere it was too late, and not to draw down upon herself and others the vengeance of the fire-gods. But this was her invariable reply: "If I am destroyed, you may all believe in Pélé; but if I am not destroyed, you must all turn to the only true God."

At length, after a most fatiguing march, this bold champion of the new faith reached the base of Kilauea and began the upward ascent. As she approached the cone, one of Pélé's weird prophetesses appeared and warned her back in the name of the goddess. In her hand this Hawaiian pythoness held a piece of

On the Floor of the Crater

white bark-cloth, and as she waved it above her head she declared it to be a message from Pélé herself. "Read the message!" exclaimed Kapiolani. Upon which the woman held the pretended oracle before her, and poured out a flood of gibberish, which she declared to be an ancient sacred dialect. Kapiolani smiled. "You have delivered a message from your god," she said, "which none of us can understand. I too have a *pala pala*, and I will read you a message from my God, which every one will understand." Whereupon she opened her Hawaiian Bible and read several passages that told of Jehovah's almighty power and of the heavenly Father's saving love in Jesus Christ.

Still pressing on, Kapiolani came at length to the very edge of the vast crater, which lies one thousand feet below the summits of the enclosing cone, and led the way down the precipitous descent towards the black lava-bed. On the crater's brink there grew, like the grapes of Vesuvius, clusters of the refreshing *ohelo* berry, sacred to Pélé herself, which no Hawaiian of those days would taste till he had

Challenge to the Fire-goddess

first cast a laden branch down the precipice towards the fiery lake, saying as he did so: "Pélé, here are your *ohelos*. I offer some to you; some I also eat"—a formula which was supposed to render the eating safe, but without which an awful *tabu* would be infringed.

Seeing the berries hanging all around her, Kapiolani stopped and ate of them freely without making any acknowledgment to the goddess. She then made her way slowly down into the bowl of the crater, and when she reached the bottom, walked across the undulating crust of lava till she came to the *Hale-maumanau* itself, the "House of Everlasting Burning." Standing there, she picked up broken fragments of lava and flung them defiantly towards the seething cauldron, which writhed and moaned and flung out long hissing tongues of red and purple flame.

Having thus desecrated Pélé's holy of holies in the most dreadful manner of which a Hawaiian imagination could conceive, she now turned to her trembling followers, who stood at some distance behind, and in a loud clear voice, distinctly heard above all the deep

Fall of the Dragons

whispers and mutterings of the volcano, she spoke these words, which were engraved for ever afterwards on the memories of all who heard them: "My God is Jehovah. He it was who kindled these fires. I do not fear Pélé. Should I perish by her wrath, then you may fear her power. But if Jehovah saves me while I am breaking her *tabus*, then you must fear and love Him. The gods of Hawaii are vain."

Kapiolani then called upon her people to kneel down on that heaving floor and offer a solemn act of adoration to the One Almighty God, and thereafter to join their voices with hers in a joyful hymn of praise. And so by Christian praise and prayer the very crater of Kilauea, formerly the supposed abode of a cruel goddess, was consecrated as a temple to the God of holiness and love.

The news of Kapiolani's bold deed soon ran from end to end of Hawaii. It sent a shiver of despair through the hearts of Pélé's priests and votaries. Every one felt that the old dominion of the fire-gods must be tottering to its fall. Ere long the people began to turn

A Gruesome Office

in crowds from their idolatries. Even the heathen priests and priestesses renounced their allegiance to dark and bloody altars, and made profession of their faith in Christ.

One day a sinister figure presented itself before one of the missionaries, among a number of people who were waiting to receive some Christian instruction. It was a man whose gruesome office it had been, in the service of Pélé's altar, to hunt and catch the victims that were needed for the human sacrifices demanded by the goddess. This dreadful being had acquired the skill of a wild beast in lurking in the by-paths of the forests to leap upon the passers-by, and was possessed of such enormous strength besides that he could break the bones of his victims by simply enfolding them in his iron embrace. No wonder that on seeing him the people shrank back in terror as if from some monster of the jungle. But even this man was conquered by the gospel of love and peace, and turned from serving Pélé to follow Jesus Christ.

In the larger centres of population the natives gathered in vast multitudes to listen

An Earnest Chief

to the missionaries. More than once Mr. Bishop preached to assemblages that numbered upwards of ten thousand persons. Other chiefs and chieftainesses followed Kapiolani's example by openly professing their Christian faith. One chief showed his earnestness and zeal by building a church large enough to accommodate four thousand people. For weeks his whole tribe flung themselves joyously into the task—hewing timber in the forests, dragging it to the appointed place, cutting reeds for the thatch, and binding it carefully to the roof.

If ever there were romantic days in the history of a Christian mission, such days were experienced by those who witnessed the sudden glory of the Christian dawn that rose upon the Hawaiian Islands, flushing mountain, shore, and ocean with the radiance of the skies. There were giants and heroes, moreover, in those days; for pioneers like Mr. Bishop and Titus Coan deserve to be described by no lesser words. But so long as men tell the wonderful story of the spread of Christianity over the islands of Oceania and recall the

Authority for Narrative

heroes and heroines of the past, the figure of Kapiolani will stand out bravely, as she is seen in the strength of her new-born faith defying Pélé's wrath in the dark crater of Kilauea.

The story of the American Mission to Hawaii, and in particular the incident of Kapiolani's challenge to the fire-goddess, are drawn almost entirely from Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming's *Fire Fountains: The Kingdom of Hawaii* (William Blackwood and Sons), which she has generously permitted the author to make free use of for the purposes of this book.